

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

May 1, 1950

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By Jim Coleman

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EDITORIAL

Mere Cheeseparing
Won't Reduce Taxes

OTTAWA is making a real attempt to save money. It hasn't succeeded. The Treasury Board, the Cabinet committee that passes on all the estimates, tried to cut 10% across the board out of all except national defense and fixed charges. It discovered you can't cut state spending by chipping at the edges—not any more. The thing has got too big. It's time for a new approach to the whole problem.

Our present machinery was designed to see that tax money is honestly spent. We no longer have the systematic robbery of the public till that went on under the old "spoils system." You don't have to be somebody's nephew to get a civil service job, but you do have to know something about the work—the Civil Service Commission sees to that. And the Treasury Office and the Auditor-General's branch try to make sure that every cent goes to its allotted place.

That isn't enough nowadays. Our money may be spent honestly, but is it being spent efficiently? Treasury Board doesn't know and can't find out.

In spite of—perhaps even because of—its

good intentions, the Treasury Board tends to favor the accepted, the traditional, the routine. A man in the field may see that he can spend an unauthorized dollar and save \$10. He can't do it.

Instead he has to put up with a laborious and maddening scrutiny which takes an enormous fraction of his time, which itself employs a great many people and costs a lot of money, and which frequently produces nothing. There must be a better way of checking the use of public funds.

The Auditor-General himself, Watson Sellar, has suggested one partial remedy. Take the more or less self-supporting departments, the ones having their own revenues, and run them on a profit-or-loss basis. Let their accounting speak for itself.

For the rest, we think a first step would be thorough investigation by a competent commission of businessmen. Let them do as the Hoover Commission did in the United States—survey the whole machinery of government and see what can be done to simplify it. Then let's try whatever innovations they recommend and see what happens.

Tourists and Bootlickers

IN A SURGE of enthusiasm for the benefits of the tourist industry someone has proposed that we ought to print red currency for the special use of visitors from other countries. The theory is that every time one of these red bank notes turned up in his till the Canadian filling station proprietor or tourist camp operator would be reminded what side his bread is buttered on. He'd be kinder to tourists than ever.

We're heartily in favor of being kind to tourists. We believe in reminding them, to the full extent justified by the facts, that we like having their society and their business. But when these reminders take on a forced or synthetic tone it seems to us that the only purpose they can serve is to embarrass the visitor and demean the host.

Every time we see a Canadian hot-dog stand decorated with the Stars and Stripes we can't help wondering how much real respect the owner of same has for (a) the Stars and Stripes, (b) himself, and (c) his own country. Is Old Glory hanging there out of a genuine regard

for what it stands for, or is it hanging there as an inducement to stop and buy a red hot cheeseburger?

We wouldn't argue for a moment that the idea of funny money for the tourist is on the same level of taste as frankfurters-on-a-flag. But to us it does have something of the same seedy and gratuitous flavor; the same uncomfortable suggestion of tugging forelocks toward a neighbor who'd feel much more comfortable just shaking hands.

Costly Crippler

EACH year rheumatic diseases cost Canadians 9½ million days' work and \$54 millions in lost wages. The nation's rheumatic sufferers make up an army of 30,000 constantly unemployed. Among Canadian children between five and 15 years old rheumatic fever is the second-ranking cause of death.

These figures grimly attest the importance of the nation-wide appeal for funds to "fight the crippler" now being conducted by the Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society.

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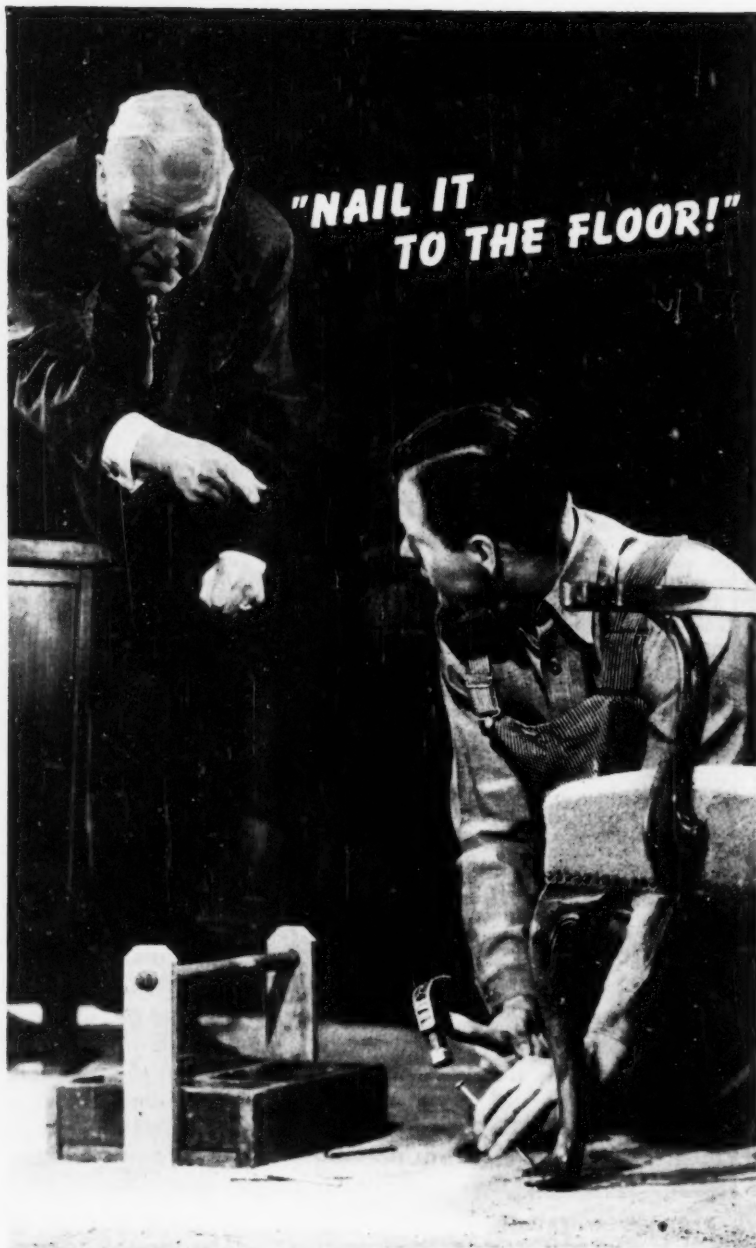
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In the Editors' Confidence



Titanic survivors, Vera and Albert Dick, of Calgary, are like people on borrowed time.

RAY GARDNER saw five survivors of the Titanic disaster, including Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dick, of Calgary, while preparing his Flashback on page 18. "In every case I had the strange feeling of talking to people who had come back from the dead. They savored every moment of every day in a way that those who had never been close to death never could," Gardner reports.

During his research Gardner found a welter of false rumor boiled up in the last wake of the Titanic. "One woman (not Mrs. Dick) said that she reached out and touched the iceberg but all other reports agree the berg was not seen after the crash except later by people in the lifeboats. Another woman swore there had been a fire in the hold all the way across but the story was suppressed. This was unfounded."

● Jean Tweed, who writes about weddings and a woman who has stage-managed thousands of them ("She's Bossed 12,000 Brides," page 8), is the wife of Tommy Tweed, the well-known radio actor. As she watched Claire Dreier at work Jean often thought of her own marriage on Dec. 31, 1941, a fine example of what Miss

Dreier calls "a perfect bedlam" type wedding.

Tommy had a broadcast just before the wedding; both bride and groom were strangers to Toronto; New Year's Eve was a poor time to find either a church or minister. However, Tommy and his best man, Jim Coleman (see page 13), got everything more or less arranged for 7.30 p.m. at Central United Church on Bloor Street East.

"We started gaily off for the church, then discovered that nobody was sure where it was," Mrs. Tweed recalls. "We ended up by inspecting every church between Yonge and Huntley Streets on Bloor Street before we found it."

That wasn't all. Mrs. Tweed's father for the day (her own father unfortunately couldn't leave Winnipeg) mistook a hospital's ambulance exit for a parking ground, was delayed half an hour. And at the reception in the Royal York there'd been a kitchen mixup—their wedding cake was lettered "Merry Christmas."

Mrs. Tweed isn't a bit sorry. "I would like to say in defense of our unmanaged uncounseled wedding that I wouldn't give up my memory of it for all the correct, select weddings in the world."



A J. CASSON found the cowslips or marigolds he painted for his cover near King, Ont., not far from Toronto, to the northwest as the commuter flies. "The day I made the sketch I started out wearing a pair of running shoes," says Casson. "But I saw the marigolds I wanted to sketch near a creek and went after them. By the time I was finished my portable sketching stool had sunk to the seat and I lost a running shoe floundering out of the swampy land."

SUMMER AHEAD



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MACLEAN'S

He Blew The Whistle On Windsor Vice

By GERALD ANGLIN

LAST March Essex County Magistrate J. Arthur Hanrahan sentenced bootlegger Joe Assef to six months in jail and plunged the city of Windsor, Ont., into two weeks of explosive investigations of vice-ring activities in what has long been Canada's best publicized "wide-open town."

What touched off the fuse wasn't the sentence, maximum for the charge, but Hanrahan's demand to know why it took Ontario provincial police to catch a notorious Windsor bootlegger who made 5,400 illegal deliveries in 60 days "quite unhampered" by city police. And what really shot everything skyward was Hanrahan's further question on whether there was any connection between persistent reports of large-scale bookmaking activities "and this sorry spectacle of official laxity."

When Windsor's police commission hurriedly called a public enquiry Hanrahan took the stand—a tall, lean man of 52 with a long pale face, impressive bald dome and deep-set eyes. And his quiet, precise testimony created further furor.

It would be an "easy matter," he said, for city police to trace the source of the underground racing news wire and thus shut down all "45 or 50" Windsor bookies. He said that provincial police had located the wire and "city police should have no more trouble." What's more, he viewed with alarm reports that 500 houses had been broken into in the city and the fact that official figures gave Windsor top place in traffic-accident increase.

As Hanrahan unloaded one blockbuster after another, 43-year-old Mayor Arthur J. Reaume charged that he was

Continued on page 62



Hanrahan learned his law by ear. It would be all right with "them" if he had stuck to his shorthand.

Art Hanrahan wanted to know why Windsor bootleggers and gamblers could thumb their noses at the law. Now the battle against the rackets is on, and the question is: Who's going to run who out of town?

SHE'S B

12,000 B

Claire Dreier will field-marshal your marriage on a split-second schedule from cake to confetti. Fainting fathers, mournful mothers won't faze her a bit

By JEAN TWEED

CLAIRE DREIER (rhymes with buyer) has attended more weddings than any woman in Canada. As head of the wedding bureau in the downtown Toronto store of the T. Eaton Company she spends seven days a week, 24 hours a day, planning, arranging and going to weddings—sometimes four in one day. During the past 12 years Miss Dreier, now fiftyish and greying but still handsome, estimates she has supervised more than 12,000 of them—Chinese, Japanese, Buddhist, Italian, Greek Orthodox, Jewish, Catholic and Protestant, as well as one gypsy wedding.

She has struggled with fainting brides, pregnant brides, drunken grooms, jealous mothers, overbearing relatives. In one day she has had a wedding canceled and rescheduled, and one memorable afternoon she extinguished a fire started by a bride who, in a fit of pique, knocked over the candles and threw her veil in the groom's face. She has had \$50,000 weddings and \$50 weddings.

Only once has she walked out of a wedding—the bride's father, after several trips to the punch bowl, called her an unprintable name.

A neat summation of the wedding expert's job was made once by a rather irate clergyman who said, "A wedding director is to a wedding what a funeral director is to a funeral."

The Dreier service attends to all the following details and some others besides. She and her five assistants arrange announcements, music, artists, catering, reception, flowers, gift displays, wedding rehearsal, hire halls (or convert homes), commissionaires and detectives, and finally supervise The Day.

The client's first (and almost last) duty is to describe what kind of a wedding she wants. Claire Dreier then estimates the cost, the bride's father deposits that amount with Eaton's and Miss Dreier then spends it. There is no direct charge to the customer for the wedding bureau service, but the amount of money it brings in to the store more than pays the cost of running the bureau.

Spinster Dreier believes in weddings as thoroughly as Douglas Abbott believes in taxes. To her, a world without weddings (and the bigger the better) would be both uneconomic and depressing. Going through a wedding with her is much the same as accompanying Sherman through Georgia. There is a fine triumphant attitude; you are standing right next to the commander-in-chief.

A recent day began at 7.30 a.m., when tall Miss Dreier arose at her medium-sized home on Jarvis Street, made breakfast for herself and her 90-year-



KEN BELL PHOTOS
THE BRIDE, Shirley Heintzman, of Toronto, gets Claire Dreier's okay on her veil before the ceremony. From the wedding bureau she runs for Eaton's Miss Dreier sometimes supervises four marriages a day.

FOOT MASSAGE for Shirley is included in Miss Dreier's complete service. Bridal attendants shown are (l. to r.): Mrs. H. C. Heintzman, Mrs. W. D. Heintzman, Misses Louella Wills, Joan Ellis, Marianna Green.



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old mother, tidied up the house (she has no maid), and headed for her office around 9 o'clock. Dressed handsomely and expensively, her hair-do a smart upsweep, her figure well corseted, she breezed through Eaton's and ensconced herself in her cubicle on the fourth floor.

Here she consulted with her five assistants, answered letters about out-of-town weddings, answered the interminable telephone, proffered advice on countless questions of etiquette (How is the receiving line formed, and who stands in it?), inspected a couple of wedding dresses, talked with a salesman promoting a new type of flower container, interviewed a couple of brides-to-be, and left the store about 12.30. Then she went home for lunch and more household chores, and dressed for that day's wedding.

She has plenty of clothes to choose from. At all times she tries to keep equipped with at least six evening dresses, six afternoon dresses and six suits. Two seasons is about the maximum wear any dress is allowed. After that it is given away to friends. Hats, she confesses, are her main extravagance. Two years ago her collection numbered about 50, but the present score is 20.

This day, since the wedding (a modest but attractive \$4,000 affair—not the wedding pictured on these pages) was scheduled for 7.30 p.m., Miss Dreier chose an elaborate blue dinner gown trimmed with sequins. Pink and white carnations in her hair, a gift from the bride's family, completed the costume.

At 4 p.m. on the dot she and one assistant arrived by taxi at the bride's home. Within 45 minutes they had the bride dressed and had averted a few minor crises, such as late-arriving flowers, unexpected wedding guests, and father's recalcitrant tie. During this time the bride was transformed from a somewhat sallow, nervous youngster into a glowing, excited young woman in white satin and lace. The transformation was accompanied by a steady flow of quiet chatter from Miss Dreier who exuded confidence and assurance. At one point the bride expressed nervous doubt about the stability of her veil. "Go on, just yank at it," Miss Dreier commanded. "It can't fall off." It couldn't.

At 5.10 the photographers arrived. Under the careful Dreier supervision the bride sat, stood, bent forward, bent backward, turned her chin right, left, centre, up, down, smiled, didn't smile, looked into mirrors, looked at her mother, smiled at her father, stood alone, stood in family groups and in pairs for nearly two hours. Father brought in his Kodak, and snapped a couple of pictures too. Before the wedding was over the bride would have been photographed in about 80 different poses.

During this session Miss Dreier patted, cajoled and directed along with the photographers. "Hold it—that lace tunic sticks out. Turn a bit more, dear. There now, that's lovely, just lovely. Come on now, smile just a bit, you don't want to look glum today." Unbecoming bulges were concealed, draperies prinked, until the bride must have felt like a prize heifer at the Royal Winter Fair.

At 7 p.m. everyone relaxed with cookies and milk or ginger ale. The six-year-old flower girl said the reason she couldn't smile for the pictures was because a pin was sticking into her bottom. The bridesmaids

Continued on page 53



TIE TUGGING gets George Heintzman (he gave his sister away) past the expert Dreier scrutiny.



PHOTOGRAPHS by the bale. Maybe 80 shots will be taken to catalogue The Day from all angles.



THE GROOM, David Gordon McLaughlin, waits while Claire Dreier tucks an ermine cape around his bride.



HUNGRY, Claire Dreier grabs a bite. Weddings at \$50,000 or \$50 are handled by her bureau.



FINAL TOUCH. Claire kisses the groom good-by while Shirley waits to begin the honeymoon.

They fought about everything from tie clips to shoes. It was all Glen's fault — wearing a fellow's shirts, his socks, taking the car.

But stealing his girl was just too much for Paul to take.

Brother, Stay 'Way From My Girl

By ADELINE MARX

IT WAS just about the best night for a prom, Paul thought, that had ever been invented. As he walked home from a last-minute trip to the school he took an approving look at it, just as he had taken an approving look, as chairman of the committee, at the decorations in the gym. The decorations were really neat this year, even better than the ones Glen's class had done last year, and he was proud of them. The night was the same — a really perfect night for a prom — and he was proud of it too.

As he turned in at his own gate he saw that the light was on in the room he shared with Glen, and he quickened his step. Glen had already started to dress, then. He called, "Hi, Mom, I'm back," without stopping to look at her, and went quickly up the stairs. He should have been back sooner. Because if Glen had happened to forget any part of his outfit, leaving it in his room at college — his black tie, for instance, or his studs — he wouldn't hesitate to help himself, and Paul knew only too well that he had just one of everything.

One glance reassured him. Glen was already tying his tie, and Paul's things lay undisturbed on his own bed, just the way Mom had put them. He said, "Hi," and wandered into the room, trying to look as though he had not been hurrying at all, and as though he were just watching Glen out of idle curiosity, not because he wanted to pick up some pointers about tying a black tie.

Glen got it so that it looked almost right, stared at it impatiently, and pulled it out again. Paul was glad for the chance to watch him do it again, though he was sorry to see how fussy you had to be about a black tie.

"I don't see why they don't make 'em all tied," he said.

Glen raised his eyebrows. "You could clean up with an idea like that," he said. And then added, "Among the hicks." Since he had gone to college, even though the college was in a town no bigger than this one, Glen had become very conscious of hicks.

"What are you getting ready so soon for?" Paul said.

"Got a date."

"Who hasn't?" Paul said, and grinned. Glen did not answer, concentrating on the tie, but Paul went on grinning. He could not help it. Because he not only had a date — he had a date with Sibby Thompson.

SIBBY WAS really something special. She and her folks had moved to town the year before, and she wasn't quite like anything the town had ever seen. She was just Paul's age, but she wasn't in school. She was studying singing, and once a week she took a trip into Springfield to take a lesson. In between lessons she just lived at home, slept till noon, practiced a little, and had a

Continued on page 38





Sibby was really something special.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. BOOK



A daily sports columnist finds his ivory tower jammed with assorted eccentrics like The Flea, who always got in people's hair. They talk a language all their own. From left

Whatever Happened to JIM COLEMAN?

By JIM COLEMAN

ONE EVENING late in January I walked into the offices of the Toronto Globe and Mail, turned the key in the lock of my private alcove and peered into the semidarkness. The typewriter hadn't been stolen. The typewriter barely was visible beneath the litter of letters, magazines, tired old newspapers and moribund copies of the Daily Racing Form. The sword was hanging from the ceiling, directly above the chair on which I must sit—the same sword that had been hanging there every hour during the eight years I had been writing a daily sports column. Cackling wildly I thumbed my nose at the sword, slammed the door and ran out of the building as

fast as my bandy legs would carry me. I ran all the way home, jumped into bed and pulled the covers over my head.

And that, kiddies, is how I left the newspaper business.

Silly, eh? For no apparent reason a man quits a good job with a comfortable salary and a handsome expense account. The newspaper business in general and the Globe and Mail in particular had been generous to me. They had given me complete freedom of expression and action and, within the limits of the Canadian libel laws, I had been my own boss.

Of course, there had been moments of extreme privation. The Globe and Mail occasionally had forced me to rough it in such hostelrys as the Savoy in London, the Crillon in Paris, the Kras-

napolsky in Amsterdam, the Waldorf in New York and the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec. There had been times when the *filet mignon* was a trifle overdone or the caviar was lumpy. I had been forced to travel by strato-cruisers and luxury liners to distant ports of call. I had been compelled, in line of duty, to accept front-row seats at the outstanding prize fights, football games, horse races and other sporting events. It had been an exhausting life, traveling first class at the expense of George McCullagh who stayed home, watching the stock market fluctuations anxiously as he financed my expeditions.

I was writing, though, about the sword hanging from the ceiling in that office. Any daily columnist can tell you about the sword. As soon as one column is completed the scribe heaves a couple

of deep breaths, next door business is a joy. Colu of jour ego. C enjoy he was peek to a stilet even v lating written Elmer There are the



From left to right: Michael Lochinvar Levinsky, The Good Kid, Jim Coleman, Senor Humberto Sierra, Sir Benjamin Stockley, Deacon Jack Allen and Tommy McBeigh.

On 10 minutes' notice a celebrated columnist up and left his comfortable niche in the newspaperman's lotus land. How come? While he tells you, Jim Coleman draws a colorful cartoon of the days when the newspaper game was a game

of deep breaths and begins to worry about the next day's chore. Like the simple but perilous business of staying alive, writing a daily column is a job that ends only once.

Column writing is alleged to be the lotus land of journalism. Certainly, it's a great thing for the ego. Only an arrant liar would tell you he didn't enjoy being clouted on the back and being told he was writing great stuff. Only a cynic would peek to see if the hand thumping his back clutched a stiletto. The compliments are accepted gratefully, even when the well-meaning reader is congratulating you on something which, actually, was written by Ted Reeve, of the Toronto Telegram, or Elmer Ferguson, of the Montreal Herald.

There are disadvantages to the job, too. There are the innumerable kooks who telephone your

house while you're sleeping and want to know the round in which Max Schmeling kayoed Joe Louis. There are the friends, from whom you haven't heard for 10 years, who telephone on the eve of a Stanley Cup hockey final and want you to get them four tickets. They don't want the best tickets, of course—just any place in the first five or 10 rows.

There are your friends such as The Good Kid who, while the office clock hands move remorselessly toward the deadline, telephone to ask you for the results of the sixth and seventh races at Santa Anita. There are the sad-eyed strays who, somehow, find your office and, after several minutes of pointless chitchat, ask for the price of a meal.

You will understand, then, why there is nothing which maddens a columnist more than to be

approached by some dewy-eyed blonde who murmurs unbelievably: "Do you mean to say that A.I.L. you do every day is write that little column?"

How long does it take to write a column? Well, that's a good question. Consciously or unconsciously, a columnist spends every waking minute seeking a subject about which to write. He wastes countless hours in conversations, some of which don't produce a single line of type. In moments of crisis he relies on his memory and his own experiences.

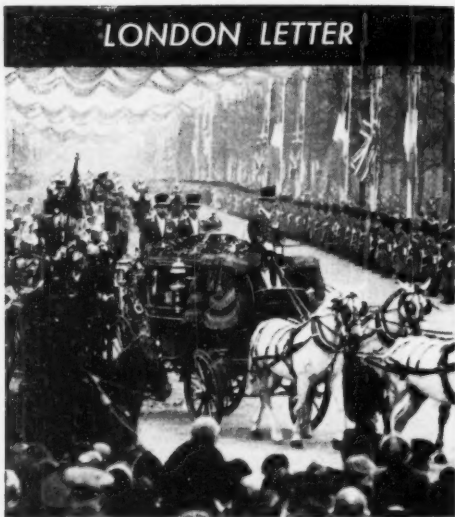
My own column which gave me the greatest sense of accomplishment was a simple little fantasy concerning a trainer and his horse. The actual writing didn't take an hour. But, afterward, I realized that the small pieces of it had been balling together inside my head for 10 or 15 years.

In the light of subsequent events it is regrettable that I didn't pause long enough before I quit the Globe and Mail to write a final farewell to my hardy readers. In the next few weeks I was to learn that personal friends and readers were prepared to believe almost anything except the simple truth—which was that I had resigned because I didn't want to write a daily column any more. In bewilderment I denied that I had been fired; that I had told The Boss what he could do with his printing presses; that I was planning to start a paper of my own; that I was on strike holding out for more money. When I inserted a "Situation Wanted" advertisement in the papers my acquaintances thought that it was a gag.

But, come, come,

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LONDON LETTER



Even the chimney pots seem less drab as old London puts up her finery for a week of pomp.

The Biggest Show On Earth

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

THERE ARE times when living in a vast metropolis like London seems the very negation of sane existence. To leave the seaside or rolling Cotswolds and watch from the train as the fields gradually give way to a jumbled mass of hideous little houses with battalions of chimney pots standing at attention as if on parade . . . to listen to the silly high-pitched shriek of the engine as it burrows deeper into the heart of London . . . to cross a viaduct and look down below on omnibuses, motor cars, vans, bicycles, barrows and perambulators in a turmoil of traffic . . . and to note that the sun so richly golden a few minutes ago is now a pallid, liverish yellow.

The French say, "Ca, c'est Paris!" In deeper tones we just say, "This is London."

It was in such a mood that the bad-tempered Carlyle spoke of "that monstrous tuberosity of civilized life, the capital of England." Even the gentle Shelley broke into angry poetry in a letter to a girl friend in which he declared:

You are now
In London, that great sea whose
ebb and flow
At once is deaf and loud, and on the
shore
Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on
for more.

Yes, London is a target that one cannot miss if you are in the mood to sling a stone, and yet every now and then this great sprawling Bagdad of the West, this Babylon of many tongues and countless dialects, rises to a magnificence that makes us sorry for people unfortunate enough to live anywhere else.

Therefore I propose to invite you to spend with me in retrospect one week that came and went this spring. The week began on Monday morning when the King was to open parliament. You know, of course, that the Englishman is supposed to be a shy and retiring creature, suspicious of display and distrusting emotion. The truth is, of course, *Continued on page 69*

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

The Stiff Price of Pensions

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

YOU CAN'T blame the Opposition for thinking the Government's plan for a parliamentary committee on old-age pensions is just another stall. The Liberal record for stalling on this issue is impressive. Apparently, though, the committee really is meant to do a job this time.

The Government wants a definite policy to present to the federal-provincial conference in the fall. Last time, in 1945, they left the drafting of it largely to the bureaucrats, with the result that several federal ministers started negotiating on a set of proposals which they didn't seem to have read. They don't want that to happen again.

Also, they really want discussion and some guidance on what Parliament and the public would like. In three different departments of government up to 30 officials have been working on pension plans off and on for six years. They have huge mounds of information on every scheme actually in effect anywhere in the world. They've applied each of these schemes, with variations and combinations, to the Canadian populace and have worked out the results to seven decimal places. But they haven't made up even their own minds, let alone the Government's, on precisely what kind of pension Canadians ought to have.

In his speech to Parliament Paul Martin, Minister of National Health and Welfare, indicated four main possibilities. One would be to go on as we are, paying maybe a little more money but still doling it out to the destitute only. All parties are against that.

Second would be the American plan of old-age "insurance" like unemployment insurance—worker pays half, employer pays half, government holds



the kitty. That's the cheapest scheme but also the narrowest. After 15 years the United States has little more than half its labor force insured, and the pension they get is only \$26 a month. Only one and a third million Americans are drawing this pension now; exactly twice that many are drawing old-age assistance—which is \$44 a month.

Third possibility is the New Zealand scheme, a universal superannuation without a means test built up over a period of 30 or 40 years and financed in part by a 7½% levy on all incomes.

New Zealand's superannuation payment today is only about \$100 a year at 65—supplemented by age benefits starting at 60 for those who need it. Not until 1988 will the superannuation work up to \$400 a year for everybody. There would be a frightful howl of disappointment from the elderly in Canada if the much-advertised old-age pension turned out to be something for 40 years hence.

Finally there is the pay-as-you-go pension, universal benefits to start immediately. That's what Ottawa proposed in the Green Book of 1945; it can hardly offer less in 1950.

IN THE same speech, however, Martin produced a chilling set of cost figures. When the committee gets to work the rank and file of all parties will probably be shocked to realize just how much money they'll have to find for a universal pension—and how few ways there are of finding it.

CCF speakers often urge \$50 a month at age 65 for all Canadians. That would cost \$660 millions next year, and \$978 millions by 1971. Progressive Conservatives also favor age 65, though they're not committed to more *Continued on page 66*



He's in for a shock when he gets the bill.

The heartbreak and hard work that a cerebral palsy child brought this family have meant help for other little victims

How Peter Pocock Got a Break

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

PETER POCOCK was born at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, on Oct. 18, 1945. His father, Neil Pocock, got in from Camp Ipperwash on Lake Huron two hours later.

The tall, young Army lieutenant could hardly get the words out in his excitement: "How is my son?"

The nurse suddenly found something pressing to do.

Neil hurried after her, "My wife—how is my wife?"

"She is doing very well," the nurse said, relieved to be asked something she could answer. But for hours Neil only found a growing wall of silence surrounding his son. Finally, this is what he was told.

It had been a difficult birth, a forceps delivery. For the first half hour the baby had not been able to breathe. He was not expected to live overnight.

Knowing this, Neil went in to Jean, his wife, and to her eager questions about their first child said, "He's, fine, dear. He's fine."

The Sunday Peter was three days old the doctors did a spinal puncture on him to test for the presence of blood in the spinal fluid. A positive result would have indicated a hemorrhage in the cranium. Jean and Neil knew this was happening and waited for reports, but that day the doctors completely avoided the anxious parents.

Peter was being fed through a tube. He could not co-ordinate sucking and swallowing.

"What is the matter with our baby?" Neil asked.

"We'll see what happens." The doctor evaded a direct answer. "I'll tell you tomorrow."

"We can tell you better in 48 hours," another said.

But it was to be nearly four heartbreak years before the Pococks would really find out what was wrong with their son.

For Peter was a cerebral palsy baby—one of the estimated 900 born every year in Canada. Cerebral palsy has long been one of the medical mysteries, with little if any research spent upon it. Knowledgeable aid has been available only in the last few years in Canada.

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Peter learns to control his muscles. His courage and his parents' intelligent care are great assets.



Like his normal sister Ann, Peter delights in fairy tales. A speech therapist may help him speak.

People Aren't Polite Any More

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

Okay, so raising hats is out of date and "Hi" has replaced the courtly bow. But why trample on your neighbor's toes or splash him with mud from your tires? Simple courtesy costs nothing and makes life more pleasant all round

WHETHER it's because they're wiser, ruder or just more numerous, people today aren't as polite as they used to be. Until World War I any man who didn't eat with his fingers observed such basic rules as removing his hat when he spoke to a woman, seeing that she got a seat on a streetcar and generally minding his P's and Q's in her presence. Today he flips a hand at his hat as if he were swatting flies, frequently talks to a woman around a cigar, lets his speech go uncensored; and when he does offer a woman his seat, does it only after sizing her up for heft, height and back muscle, making certain she is weaker and more tired than he is. At that he risks being peered at by the other sitting males as if he'd double-crossed them. Finer points of etiquette, like standing when a woman enters a room, are carried out self-consciously, if at all, and the performer looked upon as if he curled his hair.

The reaction of most men toward these changes is "So what?" and they're roughly right. Fashions in etiquette come and go. Two hundred years ago men kissed women's hands and bowed as if they were looking for cheroot butts. These are artificial forms and, as such, have no particular significance. Even Vogue's "Book of Etiquette" now permits a man to let a woman light her own cigarette if she's too far away, to smoke a pipe or cigar in her presence in an automobile, let her leave the car first if traffic is too heavy on the driver's side.

The question I'm interested in is—has there been any change in basic courtesy? Courtesy means consideration for others. It is the oil that helps the wheels of a complex community mesh quietly and pull together. Formality is just a flashy indicator.

It would be nice to report that from this broader point of view we are holding our own. Fact is, though, that we are even worse than we are on the hat-raising level. Our consideration for others is probably at its lowest point in history.

The manager of the dress department in a Toronto department store told me: "On a busy day we have three or four girls doing nothing but picking up dresses that women have thrown on the floor after looking at them."

The manager of the shoe department said, "The day after we'd installed an expensive new broadloom it was covered with burns. There were ash

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL



LIPSTICK can make a mess of a sweater in a try-on. But do the girls care?



CAFE HOSTESS often finds herself alone when she helps customer get seated.

trays all over the place, but the customers just toss their cigarettes down and step on them."

We talk and chew popcorn through movies and fumble between rows of seats, knocking coats, hats and handbags to the floor instead of excusing ourselves and giving the seated people a chance to make way for us. Sometimes we murmur apologies, but, in effect, we are only apologizing for getting somewhere fast at someone else's inconvenience, which we keep right on doing.

Some people, when they get the wrong telephone number, hang up without a word. We stand at the exit door of streetcars to be handy for our stop and make everyone struggle past us. We blow smoke in each other's faces at restaurant tables, and if the other guy doesn't like it he can move.

The embittered hostess in one of Child's restaurants told me: "A customer will sit down at an empty table before we begin to fill up, then, when I try to put someone else in the empty chair, claim to be waiting for a friend. The chair will be vacant while people are lining up at the front and there is nothing I can do about it."

People barge past her when she is trying to see that everyone gets seated in turn. Then, finding there are no tables, they stand around getting in the way of the waitresses.

"Another trick that burns me," she added, "is their habit of picking a table by themselves when I'm already leading them to one. I'll walk all the way to the back of the restaurant and turn around to see them sitting at the front as if I didn't exist."

To the motorist, and anyone who has to cope with today's traffic, discourtesy has practically become a way of life. There was nothing unreasonable about the little boy who, asked what he was looking for after a drive with his father, said, "All the bastards Daddy saw." The average motorist works himself into a lather shoving other motorists out of line, blocking them off, swearing at them, glaring at them, and making pedestrians jump with his horn. He'll hold cars out of line with such violent determination that he runs the risk of ramming the car ahead, jam up against other parked cars so that they can't get out, outjockey other cars on turns, straddle white lines, lean on his horn and shave by inches any pedestrian caught by the lights, splash

Continued on page 36



SQUEEZE PLAY in a streetcar. And if he does give in and stand the other males will be miffed.



CIGAR CLOUD screens conversation of city cavalier. His hat stays firmly on.



DON'T TOUCH is invitation to finger marks. Broadlooms get cigarette butts.



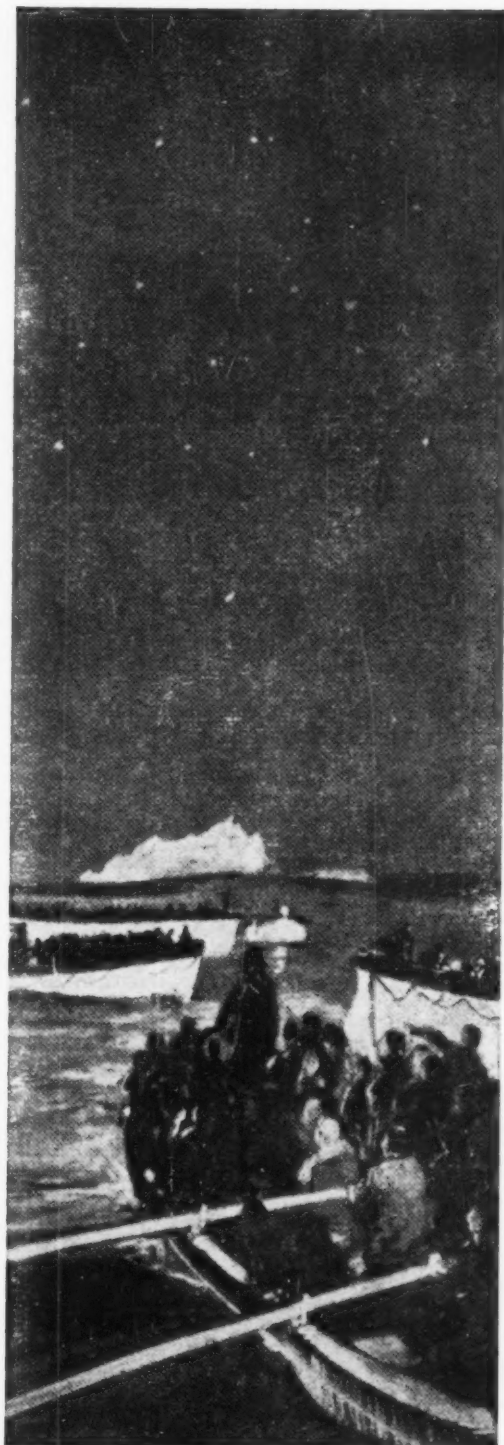
There was a roar when the engines broke loose and tore through the vitals of the dying ship. As she sank a blood-curdling moan arose from those in the sea.

"WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT DOWN"

Nobody believed the Titanic could sink. Not her builders. Not her owners.
Not Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dick, of Calgary, honeymooning on the ship's maiden voyage.
Not — until too late — the 1,490 souls who perished with her

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A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

By RAY GARDNER

THEY BUILT the ship *Titanic*, and when they had her through they thought they had a ship that the water would not go through. But the Lord's almighty hand willed that that ship should never land. It was sad when that great ship went down.

AT EXACTLY 11.40 on the cold, clear night of Sunday, April 14, 1912, the world's largest and most luxurious ship, the White Star liner *Titanic*, making her maiden voyage from Southampton to New York, plowed at full speed into a great mountain of ice about 800 miles east of Halifax. In 10 seconds the iceberg's ragged edge, like a giant can opener, ripped a 300-foot gash in the *Titanic*'s steel plates.

At 2.20 Monday morning, almost three hours

after the collision, the *Titanic* stood on end, poised briefly, and then, with a slow slanting dive, disappeared beneath the Atlantic.

Albert Dick, a Calgary insurance man, and his wife Vera were among 711 persons aboard the *Titanic* who were saved. All the rest—1,490 men, women and children, perished. It was the greatest peacetime sea disaster the world has ever known.

Yet the world at first refused to believe it had happened. Hours after the *Titanic* had taken her death plunge newspaper readers the world over were assured that not a life had been lost in the sinking of the world's "safest" ship. Albert Dick can only shake his head when he turns the pages of his scrapbook to a clipping from his home-town paper, the *Calgary News-Telegram* of Monday, April 15, and reads again the headline:

**MARINE DISASTER PREVENTED BY
MEANS OF WIRELESS; VESSELS SPEED
TO AID DISTRESSED LEVIATHAN;
PASSENGERS REMOVED IN SAFETY**

White Star officials had so much confidence in the *Titanic* that they turned hysterical relatives away from their offices with the assurance that everything was all right. P. A. S. Franklin, vice-president of the International Merchant Marine, said in New York on behalf of her owners: "We are absolutely satisfied that even if she were in collision with an iceberg she is in no danger. With her numerous watertight compartments she is absolutely unsinkable."

At that moment the absolutely unsinkable *Titanic* was at the bottom of the ocean.

Even aboard the *Titanic* the passengers' faith remained unshaken until her stern began to rise out of the water, more than an hour after she had struck. When the order, "Women and children to the boats," was given 50 minutes after the collision, all but a handful refused to leave the ship.

"I remember looking over the side of the ship when the first boats were being lowered," says Vera Dick. "It was such a long way down to the water and the water looked so black and cold. It seemed much safer to stay on the *Titanic*."

Because she was deemed unsinkable, the *Titanic* carried enough lifeboats for only 1,178 persons, a third of her total capacity. Even so, 400 lives were lost needlessly by the haphazard loading of the boats. There had been no boat drill and members of the crew were late in reaching their stations. Boats were sent away unevenly loaded, some only part full, others overcrowded.

But perhaps the most tragic fact of all was that within 19 miles of the sinking *Titanic* was a ship, the *Californian*, which saw her distress rockets and failed to come to her rescue. The British Board of Trade enquiry conducted by Wreck Commissioner Lord Mersey castigated the *Californian* and said she could easily have pushed through the ice jams to the *Titanic* without serious risk. "Had she done so," said Lord Mersey, "she might have saved many, if not all, of the lives that were lost. She made no attempt."

The world was stunned when the full extent of the disaster became known. Down with the *Titanic* had gone some of the most illustrious and wealthy personalities of the time.

Installed in her palatial Empire and Georgian suites were Isidor Straus, the famous American philanthropist, and Mrs. Straus; Col. John Jacob Astor and his young bride; John B. Thayer, vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Charles M. Hays, president of Canada's Grand Trunk Railway; Major Archibald Butt, military aide to President Taft, and his friend, Frank D. Millet, the painter; W. T. Stead, the English journalist; Jacques Futrelle, the French novelist, and his wife; Benjamin Guggenheim, the American millionaire; H. B. Harris, the theatrical manager, and Mrs. Harris; Sir Cosmo and Lady Duff-Gordon; and J. Bruce Ismay, chairman and managing director of the White Star line. All of these, except Ismay, the Duff-Gordons, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Futrelle and Mrs. Astor were lost.

At almost every man who escaped has been leveled the accusation that he had disguised himself as a woman and climbed into a lifeboat. Both Ismay and Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon came under such attack, and London newsboys at the time shouted, "Read all about the *Titanic* cowards." But the official British enquiry cleared both men and Albert Dick says, "There were no cowards aboard the *Titanic*."

"A Gigantic Lifeboat"

THE DICKS were a young honeymoon couple when the *Titanic* sank; he was 30 and his wife 17. Today they are grey-haired grandparents, living a quiet and comfortable life in a Tudor-style mansion Dick built in 1913 as a present for his bride. "It was more than a wedding present," he says.

The years have not blurred for them the horror of that night; yet, strangely, the experience brought serenity to their lives. As a young man Dick had cleaned up in the prairie land boom. "I thought of nothing but money," he says. "The *Titanic* cured me of that. Since then I have been happier than I ever was before."

There is a feeling about having come so close to death that neither Dick nor his wife can quite express. It falls heaviest upon them each year about the time of the *Titanic* anniversary when friends and even men Dick does not know stop him on the streets of Calgary to shake his hand and congratulate him on being alive.

Dick booked first-class passage on the *Titanic* for himself and his wife as the grand climax to a honeymoon that had taken them on a cruise through the Mediterranean to Egypt and the Holy Land and back to Naples and then across Europe to England. In Naples Dick had been badly clipped by professional gamblers but they were still having nothing but the best, and the best was undoubtedly the *Titanic*.

The *Titanic*, 46,000 tons of steel, had been three years abuilding in Harland and Wolff's Belfast yards and had cost £2 millions. She was called a gigantic lifeboat, a description she seemed to merit because of her double bottoms and 16 watertight compartments. Her triple screws were capable of thrusting her through the water at a speedy 23 knots.

She was a lavish ship; as Joseph Conrad later wrote, she had every

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Love laughs at Soviet locksmiths in this exciting story of a man's dangerous mission to bring his Russian wife from behind the Iron Curtain. Now, after a glimpse of Anna, Bill, fearful of secret police, seeks a

RENDEZVOUS IN RIGA

By LESLIE ROBERTS

Part Two

APPREHENSIVE for a moment at Anna's sudden departure, I reassured myself that she had left only for her duties as the coach's porters, that we had been lucky Makrinski had not come in while she had been with me in the compartment.

Daylight brought the creeping train across the last stretch of the dismal Baltic plain. From the upper berth Makrinski boomed "Breakfast!" and came rolling overside. He pressed the buzzer and slid the door open. When Anna appeared, he gave no sign of recognition and she none to either of us. When I said "Good morning," she just dipped her head and smiled, the way a well-brought-up

sleeping-car porter should. Makrinski said "Tea," and when she returned with samovar and glasses, he was busy smearing hunks of bread with his everlasting caviar. When she had gone, I checked the door and said: "What happens next. What goes on when we get to Libau?"

The Lett said: "Find the ship." As we passed the next village he was looking out the window and said: "Libau in one hour." We ate bread and caviar and drank the tea. We cleaned up and stowed our gear. Nothing was said to indicate that Makrinski even knew about the encounter with Anna. She hadn't been much help that way in our brief meeting either, because when I started to ask where I could find her and when we would meet again, that had been when she touched my lips for silence.

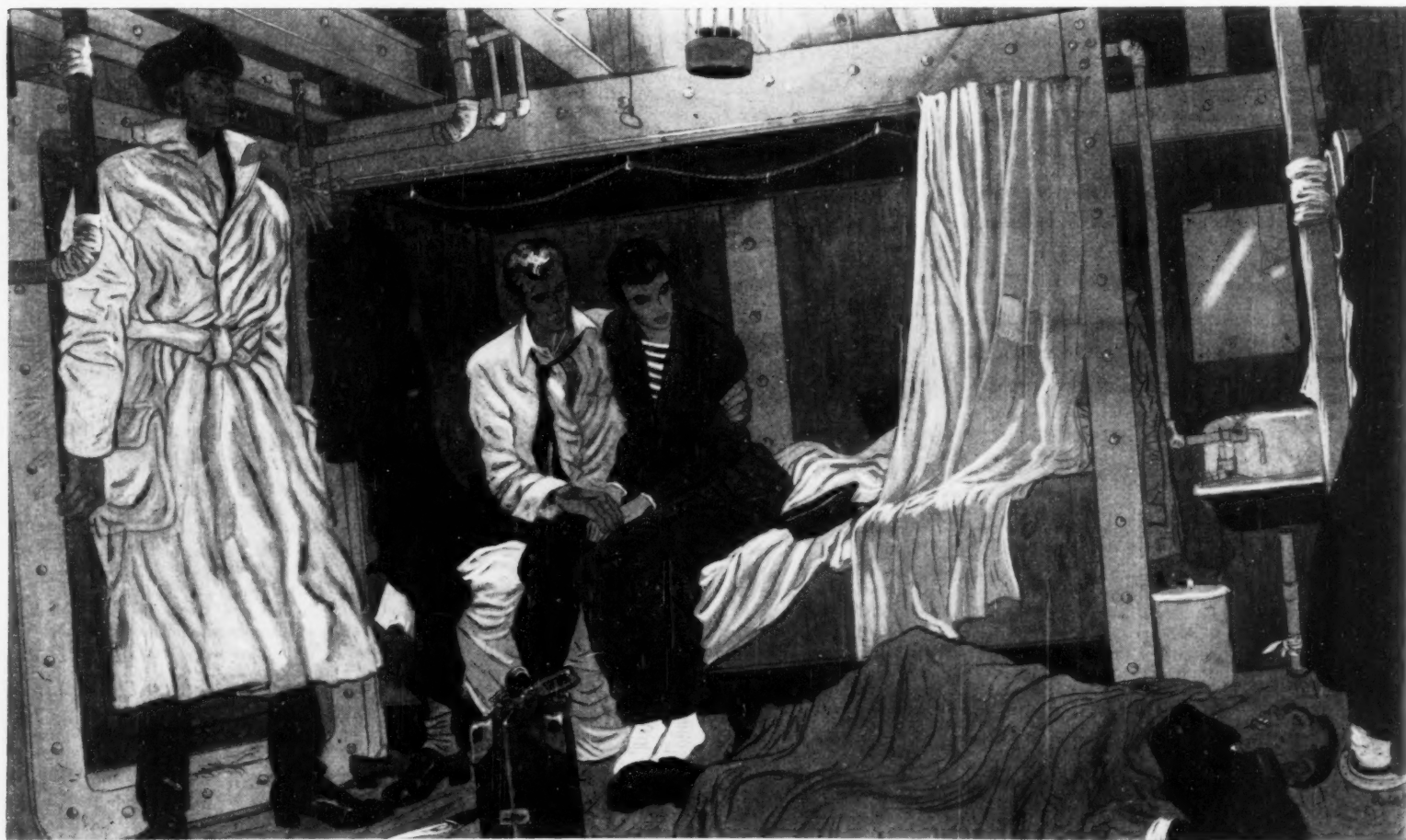
I lit a cigarette, started pacing up and down the three-pace alley in the compartment, opened the door, went out into the corridor, came back, shut the door, tamped out the cigarette, sat down and promptly lighted another. Makrinski looked me over from his corner and burst out laughing. He leaned forward and clapped my knees. Then he jerked a thumb toward the corridor and said "Later. At the ship. Don't worry . . . yet."

"You mean the porters?" I asked in a whisper. He grinned and nodded. Nothing more was said until we were inching through the ruins of Libau. Then he said: "First a car. One comes for us, I believe. Then to the harbor."

The water front was almost the way the Russian and Nazi armies had left it. Masts and hulls protruded through

Continued on page 24

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR



You'd think dropping into staterooms and finding bodies on the floor was routine shipboard procedure.

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From United Nations funds, privies for Arabs, vaccines for the Greeks.

Two Billions Call Him Doctor

By ROBERT BAKER

Dr. Brock Chisholm once shocked a nation by saying there was no Santa Claus; now he needles a whole world into checking disease at its source

SINCE he first hung out his shingle in his home town of Oakville, Ont., 25 years ago, Dr. Brock Chisholm has seen his practice widen at a rate most small-town doctors would find alarming. In recent years he has successively become doctor to the Canadian Army, physician-in-chief to the Canadian people, and M.O.H. to all mankind. He has exchanged his little black bag for a brief case, swapped his bedside manner for the diplomatic touch and abandoned the G.P.'s traditional battered sedan in favor of the globe-girdling airliner.

But two things he has never forsaken: his conviction that man's troubles are more emotional than physical, and an uncanny knack for getting into hot water over this belief.

Last fall the Canadian-born director-general of the World Health Organization (a United Nations agency) declared that seven ounces of high-powered germs would, if properly distributed, kill everyone on earth. The subsequent shockwave of headlines and military denials swept three times around the earth, yet Chisholm had simply used the alleged horrors of biological warfare to point up his long-held contention that if people don't grow up in time to avoid another war there may be no people left.

He was only trying to say the same thing in Ottawa, a few years ago, when he chastised parents for letting their children believe in Santa Claus. This and a U. S. speech in which he declared that wars are caused by

Continued on page 45



UN PHOTOS

The director of WHO got back into the headlines when he told the scientists their bomb was obsolete.



W. JAMES SENIOR

PELLATT: For his high-stepping horses, Persian rugs.

A TWO-MILLION-DOLLAR pile of masonry, marble and mahogany called Casa Loma stands on the crest of a sharp rise of ground in Toronto's north-central residential section. A stranger coming on it unexpectedly might think a time machine had slipped a few cogs and thrown him back into the Middle Ages.

The millionaire who built it couldn't maintain it. The wealthy New York syndicate which tried to run it as a luxury apartment hotel flopped within six months. The city which was forced to take it over impotently watched the unpaid tax bill mount to six figures. Then the Kiwanis Club of West Toronto took charge and developed it into one of the leading tourist attractions in Canada, and a major philanthropic project.

Now the castellated towers, great halls, dungeons and secret stairways no longer make up Canada's most attractive white elephant. Casa Loma since 1937 has become big business.

At the end of 1949 a grand total of 1,854,919 visitors (sight-seers and dancers) had paid for admission to Casa Loma; 1950 should see the figure top 2 millions. These people come from every province and state on the continent and from every nation in the United Nations. Toronto got an \$18,000 cut (25%) from last year's admission money, bringing the city's total take in 12 years up to nearly \$125,000.

A White Elephant Hits the Jackpot

By FRANK CROFT

The Kiwanians now hold a 21-year lease on the castle granted by the city. They administer and run the show with a permanent staff of seven and 50 temporary helpers. The cash they've collected supports a giant philanthropic endeavor ranging from a summer camp for 500 boys to buying pigs for country youngsters.

Casa Loma ("House on the Hill") was built between 1911 and 1913 by Major-General Sir Henry M. Pellatt, C.V.O., D.C.L., V.D. It cost twice as much as the New York mansion Andrew Carnegie had completed a few years earlier and was half as big again.

When Henry Pellatt was still in knee pants he decided to make a lot of money, build a huge castle and entertain lots of people. He straightway proceeded to make a lot of money, build a huge castle and entertain lots of people. He died in 1939.

Leaving Upper Canada College when he was 15, Henry went to work for his father's brokerage firm. As soon as his signature carried legal weight he organized the Toronto Electric Light Co., thus being the first man to bring hydro-electric power from Niagara Falls to Toronto. From then on it was merely a matter of carting the stuff to the bank. He was a millionaire at 30. When the plans for Casa Loma were drawn in 1910 he was reported worth \$17 millions.

Three events of his minority days show the

singleness of purpose which governed his life. In 1876, the year after he left school, he joined Canada's second oldest militia unit, the Queen's Own Rifles, as a private; he told the quartermaster-sergeant as his kit and uniform were handed to him that he expected to command the regiment one day. He was O.C. from 1901 to 1921.

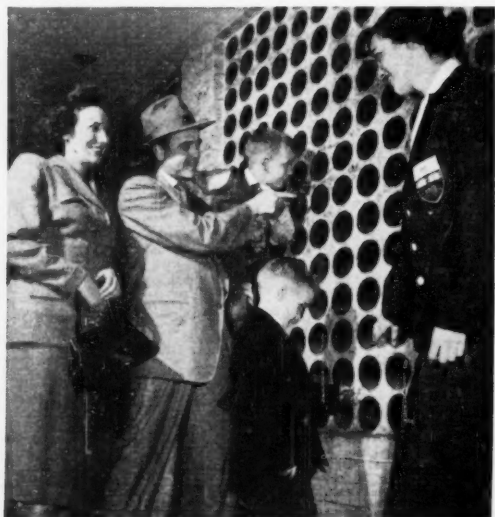
Two years after joining the militia Pellatt senior spoke to Henry about leaving the office an hour before quitting time during the summer. The boy explained that he was training to beat the world's record for the one-mile run, and that when he had done so he would devote all his time to business. The following year he won the one-mile championship of North America, although he didn't set a record. He put away his running gear and never again tried to beat the office whistle.

At 20 he decided it was time to start planning his castle. He bought the first piece of furniture for it, a French oak desk of the Emperor period. During the next 30 years he continued to buy furniture and paintings for the castle. On numerous trips to Europe he sketched the more imposing features of castles he inspected there. This architectural jumble he handed to his architect in 1910. The result is that although Casa Loma is French Baronial in theme, certain towers and wings betray Scottish, English, Italian and Rhenish parentage.

Continued on page 32

Rescued by Kiwanis from a crumbling doom, Sir Henry Pellatt's \$2 million Casa Loma now reaps a rich harvest from sight-seers for underprivileged children

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL



RARE WINES waited here for Pellatt's palate. And in the kitchens an oven to roast an ox.



TURRETS don't draw a Torontonians glance but a tourist looks for knights in armor.



VARSITY students guide the awed rubbernecks up a secret stair to the tune of a suave spiel.

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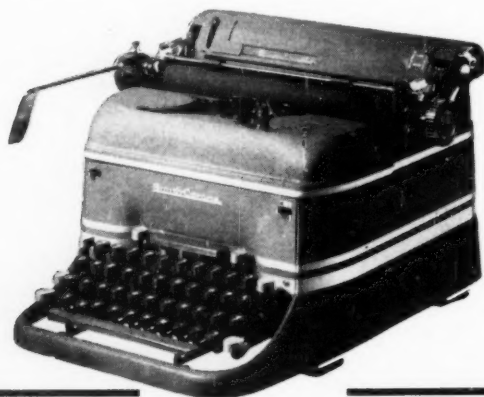
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"What I'd Give For a Smith - Corona"



When the work piles up faster than you or that old machine can possibly handle it—that's when any stenographer really welcomes a new 1950 Smith-Corona! For the new 1950 Smith-Corona Office Typewriter with Colorspeed Keyboard gives the most amazing performance—gets work done faster, easier and with less fatigue than ever before! Operators—managers—see for yourself, today, what the Smith-Corona Office Typewriter can do for you and staff efficiency. At Smith-Corona dealers or write for literature.



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keyboard. First time on any typewriter! Modern plastic key tops, specially designed and colored for legibility and easier finger control. Don't be surprised if you type faster and with less fatigue than you ever did before.

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Eliminates possibility of mixing colors when a bi-chrome ribbon is used.

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gives positive control from light to heaviest touch. New mechanism prevents loading of key tension at beginning of stroke. Important!

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holds in forward position . . . pushes backward against platen to smooth paper. Raises out of way when changing platens.

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Roll paper forward, then backward, or release ratchet—the original line registration is retained.

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Also makers of famous Smith-Corona Portable Typewriters, Adding Machines, Vivid Duplicators, Carbons and Ribbons.

Rendezvous in Riga

Continued from page 20

the harbor. Warehouse roofs and walls were still holed and pocked. Only makeshift repairs had been made. A string of freight cars had been shunted onto the dock. The goods were still snuggled in the Sestroresk's hold and the hatch covers still on. A soldier at the gangway looked over Makrinski's papers and mine and another took us to the captain's quarters where my companion was greeted with shouts of welcome and replied in kind.

The skipper had a message, he said, that another inspector, very important, would join us. Makrinski gave no sign of surprise. "We wait," he said, and reached for the captain's carafe. But the Sestroresk's Old Man was visibly bothered by the delay and after he had gone on deck, Makrinski said: "Is worried about sailing. Will sail." He crossed to the door, glanced to starboard and port, and along the dock, then came back to where I was sitting at a small table and took the chair across from me.

"Listen quickly, while we are alone," he said. "There may be only a minute. The other inspector is purposely being late," he said. "He is manufacturing some delay. We shall also insist as each case comes on the dock that it must be opened, inspected, approved, closed and put on the train before the next is brought up. This will be very slow and we may also make many arguments. You see why?"

I said no, but go on. I was trying to look casual. It was an effort.

"Because we must be able to work in the night," Makrinski continued. "We shall be very willing to do so to assist the captain to sail in the morning. You understand? You will help?"

I was beginning to get it, but not all of it, and I said sure I would help, but please would he tell me the plan. What was going on?

"In the night," he said, "while we are approving the last cases, we shall be able to make a change of people. Perhaps one will be removed. Of this I am not sure. But one will arrive."

He said this leaning back in his chair, at ease, with the casual air of a man talking to while away time.

"You mean . . ." I began.

He flagged me with a hand.

"I mean," he said softly.

There was a bustle around the gangway and a moment later the captain came in, accompanied by a slender man in a dark suit. As they came closer I stood up and took a second look. It was Nikki Boronin! Anna's brother.

My heart flopped. My first thought was that this ripped everything into shreds again. A million to one he had heard about Anna and had come to tear his sister away from her decadent western entanglements. But Makrinski seemed unconcerned. Nikki bowed and we shook hands, a length to which he had not been willing to go in Moscow. Without another word he said: "Shall we begin?"

No talk was exchanged as we leaned over the forward rail while the captain barked guttural orders to the hands down in the well-deck. After the hatch covers were off, we went ashore as the ship's crane was winched into the hold and came up with the first case in a sling. It was prised open in the presence of the three of us and Nikki and Makrinski went over the contents with microscopic care before okaying them. Then the case was closed with wire and hot wax, to which Nikki affixed the seal of the Ministry. We all walked along beside the case while

it was wheeled into a freight car and a guard mounted over it.

That was the procedure all day, varied with lengthy technical discussions. As each freight car was loaded Nikki personally sealed the doors with the Ministry tag and left an armed guard outside it. For all my jitters, I couldn't suppress the chuckling thought that it always takes five Russians to watch what the sixth Russian does. By nightfall we had eight soldiers standing guard over as many carloads. When we knocked off to eat, only 20 cases remained to be passed and loaded.

OUTWARDLY, dinner with the skipper was a light and sociable business, thanks chiefly to the irrepressible Makrinski. We drank toasts to Stalin and Canada and Peace, and one to the voyage. The captain was feeling fine, now that he knew he wouldn't be held back from sailing at first light. It was almost nine o'clock when we went back on the dock. The ship's searchlight was being played on the area where we had been inspecting machinery all day. The effect was to black out everything else ashore. Aboard the ship a smaller searchlight was focused on the hold. Elsewhere the darkness was punctured only by an occasional dim bulb.

By midnight only four cases remained aboard. As we waited for the first to come ashore, Nikki whispered: "We must go more slowly. Take more time." It was his first indication that we were in cahoots. When the next case was opened, both inspectors exclaimed angrily as they examined the big precision tool. Nikki brought out the manifests and a copy of the original order, insisting that the machine was not up to specifications. Put it aside, he ordered the stevedores; the Ministry would not accept faulty Canadian junk. I said "Swedish junk, not Canadian," and we insulted each other for the better part of an hour, before Nikki finally refused the thing.

Around four o'clock the last case was opened, checked and passed. The unaccepted one still stood off to one side. I was still beating my brains for the answer, going along for the ride. While we waited around, Nikki went into the big shed, whistling a tune, and Makrinski drew me back into the shadows. He pressed a metal object into my hand. I slipped the gun into a pocket and said nothing.

"When Nikki Boronin returns," he whispered, "a sailor will be with him. You know who that will be. If challenged by the guard there may be trouble. Do not begin to shoot unless I do. If this happens we are all dead. You will shoot the sailor, then yourself. Better so."

I stood in the shadows, away from the searchlight, and saw Nikki come to the gangplank with a young sailor in dungarees. As they approached the guard I pressed the gun in my pocket hard. They passed the soldier without challenge, crossed over the gangplank and disappeared inside the ship. A moment later they appeared together, on the well deck.

The sailor swung over the rim of the hatch and disappeared from the lighted area, down a ladder into the hold. Nikki signaled and the crane picked the rejected case off the dock and swung it over. Anna was aboard!

Makrinski and I joined Nikki at the ship's end of the gangway and we went together to the captain's quarters.

"I am sending the *Gospodin* Makrinski with you to Stockholm about the faulty machine," he told the captain. "He has the necessary papers, passport and exit permit."

Continued on page 26

Roly Pepper, editor of Canadian Automotive Trade, says—

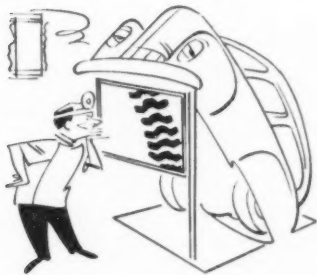
"PROTECTION PAYS DIVIDENDS"

THE investment that the average owner has in his car is probably the second greatest in terms of dollars; second only to his home. No other investment can give as much pleasure as an efficiently operating automobile. Yet no other necessary investment can cost as much money and mental stress as a car which is not well maintained with proper service at regular intervals.

One way to help safeguard this major investment is to be certain that your service dealer follows recommended maintenance procedures as set up by the vehicle manufacturer.

Having a car preconditioned every spring by a reputable garage is the one sure way to get the most in carefree driving during the summer motoring season. There are several phases of an automobile's operation which need regular periodic attention to protect the driver from an unnecessary breakdown or road failure. Let's have a look at the various components and determine what should be checked this spring.

TUNE-UP

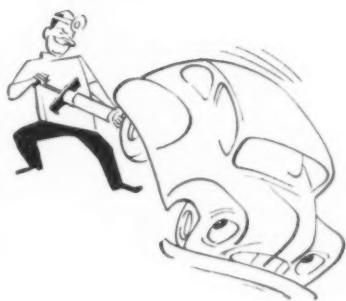


A major tune-up completed by a competent mechanic, is the

Cartoons by Grassick

least expensive route to satisfactory engine operation. There are 21 various and different points on the engine to be checked and adjusted including all parts of the ignition system, the compression, the fuel and exhaust system. To get the most from your engine in performance and economy make sure it gets the attention it deserves.

LUBRICATION



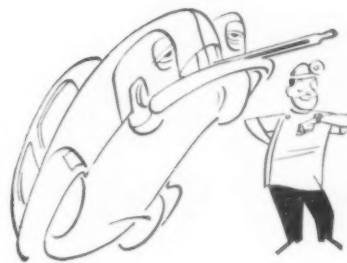
Regular lubrication of all working parts will keep wear to a minimum and save vital mechanisms from prematurely wearing out. A complete chassis lubrication of 18 or more items will catch usually missed points like the wheel bearings, oil filter, air cleaner and engine accessories. Change oil regularly and follow manufacturer's mileage schedule for most protection against wear and expense.

SAFETY AND COMFORT

Regular service maintenance is the key to safety. Scheduled checks will catch those loose bolts before they cause trouble.

Careful inspection of the tires is a must — including the spare.

Have your service man check the shock absorbers, the exhaust system, the brakes and fluid level, the various parts of the suspension, the front end and the steering. Get him to slip a wheel off and have a look at the brake lining; take a look at the wiper blades.



COOLING SYSTEM

The engine temperature control system can be a headache if lack of service lets it get out of hand. Suggested items to be checked are the radiator, thermostat, heat indicator, hoses, fan belt, and the manifold heat riser control valve. Don't forget to put a can of rust resistor in the radiator after it is cleaned. Engine operating efficiency stems from a properly controlled cooling system.

ELECTRICAL SYSTEM



Before the higher speeds of warm weather induce failure in the electrical system, it's a good idea to make sure of the battery condition, electrical connections, generator and its controls. Be sure of night vision by having

the headlights aimed correctly for maximum roadlight and minimum glare. Don't be caught with your battery down.

APPEARANCE

A thorough wash and steam cleaning of the running gear, undercarriage and engine will be money well spent. Have any rust spots sanded down, treated and painted. Clean winter-accumulated filth from the interior and upholstery. A good polish job will make you proud of your



car and help protect its finish. Don't forget it's the shine that makes the car.

ACCESSORIES

Extra convenience and driving pleasure can be inexpensively obtained by selecting certain accessories which are not standard equipment. Add to your car's utility with auxiliary driving lights, outside mirrors, sun visor, seat covers, rubber cushioning and many other items obtainable from automotive parts stores.

Drive in today and ask about your service dealer's car conditioning campaign.

MACLEAN'S
A MACLEAN HUNTER PUBLICATION



First Aids For Salads

Apple pie without cheese, they say, is like a kiss without a squeeze — and a salad without dressing would be even duller. Doubtless, dear reader, you never think of one without the other, but do you think as much about the dressing as you do about the vegetables or fruits you serve? Some people shop very carefully for the makings of a salad, and then fail to bring out the flavours because they use ordinary vinegar.

Heinz Vinegar has been for years the main factor in the widespread fame of Heinz pickles, and since Heinz Vinegars, with their extra zest and tang, go further than most, they cost less to use.

Give your salads a strengthening first aid treatment by using the world's best vinegar.

HEINZ VINEGARS

57 Salad Dressing • Mayonnaise • Sandwich Spread



Continued from page 24

From that moment everything was movement. Nikki signed the swatch of papers on the captain's desk. He gave crisp orders to Makrinski without batting an eye and the Lett took them at attention and kept saying "Da!" every time Nikki paused. Then Nikki shook hands with the Old Man and with Makrinski and, finally, with me. The grip just about crushed my fingers. I knew what he meant and wished to God we could talk, if only for a moment.

Makrinski and I walked to the gangplank with Nikki and went forward to lean over the rail and watch him disappear into the blackout behind the spotlight on the dock. Up on the bridge we could hear the skipper barking through a megaphone. The gangway was hauled ashore by soldiers. Hawser were peeled from bollards and the ship began to inch away from the pier. As the Sestroresk picked its way by searchlight through the wreckage in the stream, the first streaks of grey were showing over east, where Lenin-grad would be. "What about Nikki Poronin?" I asked Makrinski softly. "Will he be all right?"

"Who can say?" he answered. "In my country it is often difficult to say who will be all right. But I think he will. He is most important, brilliant and necessary, with much influence, second only to Karaviev himself and we are not always fools. It depends on what is discovered and who discovers it."

We watched the wave creaming back from the bow. Then he chuckled and said quietly: "But let us worry about us. We are not in Stockholm yet, tovarisch. You have the gun?"

I said yes, and Makrinski asked if I was sleepy, and I said I doubted if I would sleep before we were in harbor and ashore. "Good," he said. "Let us go to the high deck where we can be unheard. I must tell you things and it may be our only chance."

WE FOUND a place on the rail, away from davits and housing, where we could not be spied on and could see anybody approaching. Makrinski wasted no time coming to the point.

"Stand close and listen carefully," he said. "It will be rough outside and that will be good for us. I have been placed by request in your cabin, telling the captain that you wish it. When we go down, I must find my way to the hold and bring the girl. She will remain through the voyage and at all times one of us must be with her. You can hear me? You understand?"

I said I heard. Keep talking. I understood.

"There is one man aboard of whom to be afraid," he continued. "Chernov, the political officer, also ship's doctor. He is shorter than you, heavy, with ugly pale face and hair like black string. A tooth is absent in front. In Libau he was drinking and did not return until late, which made it much easier for Nikki. Watch for him. Chernov will be trying to find out about you and myself, what we are doing and why together. That is his job, to report bad things about everybody. We must be ready to act if he gets in our way."

"I'm ready," I said. I'd been ready since Moscow.

Makrinski said Anna was hiding among boxes in the hold. Nikki Boronin had told him exactly where. He was to go there and would bring her to the cabin. There was a door through the bulkhead in the hold, leading to a ladder which would bring them to the level of the cabin and another bulkhead door. Once in the passageway only a matter of 20 paces

remained to reach the stateroom. In the cabin he and I must speak only of trivialities, Anna not at all. We must presume that somebody would be trying to listen, perhaps through the wall. "You will be able to talk to her for the rest of your life if we are lucky for the next 30 hours," he grinned. "When I am bringing the girl to the cabin, I want you to stand in the open door, and to lounge there until I return. If there should be trouble, be prepared to help. If you hear a shot beyond the bulkhead, come there. If nothing happens, wait, ready to cover us as we come down the passage."

"Khorosho," I said. We went below.

I sat in the cabin, for maybe 10 minutes. Then I lolled in the open doorway, like a rubbernecking passenger looking around. The ship was steaming into open water and beginning to roll viciously. I saw the door in the forward bulkhead move, as though somebody were inching it ajar to ease the passage. Then it opened quickly and the young sailor stepped through and walked quickly down the hallway, swung briskly into the cabin and stepped behind the open door. A moment later Makrinski came through the bulkhead, drew the door shut behind him and sauntered casually along the passage. As he came up he greeted me noisily. "Beginning to be rough water," he said. "Are you a good sailor?"

"Very poor," I answered, almost shouting. "As usual I shall be seasick."

Makrinski came in and turned the key quietly in the lock. Anna and I embraced but exchanged no words. We sat on the bunks, she and I on one, Makrinski on the other, and after a while Anna put her head down and slept.

WHEN the luncheon gong sounded, Makrinski made signs that he would go and eat while I remained below. I locked the door and stretched out on the second bunk, trying to keep awake. Soon the Lett returned, carrying a tray. As he came in he was talking a lot of nonsense about seasickness in a loud voice. I nudged Anna awake and we shared the food.

We chatted in tones loud enough to be heard through the wall or the door, about the weather and my supposed indisposition and as he talked, Makrinski took pencil and paper from a pocket and began to write. His staccato notes read about like this:

Chernov drinking in lounge but asking questions . . . Where are you? . . . Can he do anything? . . . Would like to see you and prescribe . . . Says has good seasick pills . . . I said you more tired than sick and sleeping after much hard work . . . Do not think he believes.

Makrinski went up to dinner late and Anna and I sat together, holding hands and making love with our eyes. Suddenly a thump on the door snapped us out of reverie and into action.

"Who's there?" I called. I gave Anna the gun and pointed to the corner that would be in back of the opened door. She slipped her shoes off and stepped across the cabin.

"The Doctor Chernov," the rough answer came back. "Open, please!"

"Will you come back later?" I shouted. "I am resting."

The voice behind the panel was insistent.

"Open," it said again. Then a key rattled in the lock on the passageway side. The inside key fell on the floor. The door moved. I'd forgotten to throw the damned bolt! Too late I saw one of Anna's shoes protruding from under her bunk.

The gorillalike political doctor

Continued on page 28

Look at it Outside! Look at it Inside!

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Choose the World's No. 1 Refrigerator—and get the Frigidaire model that gives you everything you want most—that best fits your family, your kitchen, your needs. You'll find in every Frigidaire Refrigerator new style-setting beauty created by Raymond Loewy—rugged construction—extra storage capacity in no extra kitchen space—new features that save food and money—plenty of frozen food storage—and the simplest cold-making mechanism ever built, the economical Frigidaire Meter-Miser!

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MASTER MODELS have colder-than-ever Super-Freezer. Food compartment refrigerated from top to bottom by direct air circulation from Super-Freezer. 7.6 and 9.2 cu. ft. storage capacity.

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6. Extra-Large Frozen Storage Space.
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8. New Aluminum Rustproof Shelves—in De Luxe Cold-Wall and Master 92 models.



9. New, Extra-Deep Porcelain Hydrators for fruits and vegetables.
10. New Meat Storage Drawer with Plastic Trivet—in Master models.
11. New Full-Width Plastic Chill Drawer—in De Luxe Cold-Wall model—for meat and ice cube storage, quick chilling of beverages.
12. New Handy Plastic Basket Drawer—for small items—in De Luxe Cold-Wall model.

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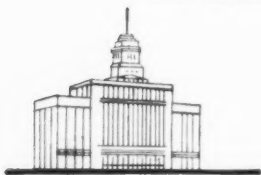
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The CANADA LIFE
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Continued from page 26
lurched across the step. "The captain is..." he began. As he spoke his eyes saw what I had just seen, too late. "A woman's shoe!" he exclaimed. "So that is your seasickness!" I jumped him, grabbing for his throat. The ship lurched and we went down. The door slammed shut.

Chernov's strength was like that of a wild bull. Somehow he shook my hands loose from his neck and with his arms held me in a viselike grip around the middle. I thanked God for the thundering of the sea against the ship's side, the creaking and groaning as she rolled down and came back up. This could be life or death for one of us, but I wanted no auditors.

All the pentup loathing of the malevolent cabal responsible for what brought me here, reaching for a grip on the throat of this half-drunken gorilla on the rolling floor of a ship's cabin, poured through me as I struggled. The ship took a pitching lurch and I braced a foot against a bunk and heaved, as Chernov went over and I came round on top of him. I got a grip on his neck and held it just long enough to snap his head upward and crack it against the floor. He pulled a hand free and I wedged it momentarily against his middle. When he worked it loose, I saw the flash of a knife, just in time to pin the arm to the floor. I knew I couldn't hold it there for long. He was too powerful for me.

I went under, over and back under again, always fighting to keep away from the blade. The ship fell away sideways into a deep trough and we slid down the floor and brought up against a bunk. There was no sound from Anna.

As the ship righted itself I had him held again for a brief moment. We tangled in a curtain hanging over one of the berths and it crashed down with its rod, just as I pinned Chernov's arm and forced the fingers clutching the knife to release it. As I swept it away beyond his reach, the Russian swung me over again and covered my face with the fallen drape, half choking and wholly blinding me. I tore it away and caught a brief glimpse of Anna. She was pushing hair back off her face and seemed dazed, but she was on her feet, moving toward us. In the same instant I rolled, coming on top of the Russian and reaching for his throat. My back was to Anna again. With a mighty heave Chernov threw me over and as my own head thudded against the floor I heard the crack of a blow and the commissar collapsed against me. In a brief, flashing glimpse I saw Anna half bending over him, gripping the revolver by the barrel, and knew that she had pounded the butt home against his head. In that same instant I must have gone out like a light.

WHEN I came to, the Russian's inert body was half off mine and Anna was on the floor beside us, kissing my eyes, my lips, my forehead and saying things I'd been waiting long years to hear again. As the fog cleared out of my mind, Anna began pulling on the doctor's arms and I shoved against his huge backside until we rolled the unconscious Chernov over on the floor, and I wobbled to my feet and over to the edge of a bunk. We sat there, clutching each other and pieced together the details of the death-lock struggle.

"But my shoe," she said. "That is what told him I am here."

"Listen, darling," I said. "How long do you think it would have taken him to find you, in behind the door?"

We tried to stow the Russian where he couldn't be seen when the door opened, but there just wasn't room.

So we straightened him out on the floor alongside a bunk and tossed a blanket loosely over the part of him that might show to anybody in the corridor when we let Makrinski in. After that we sat down, lighted cigarettes and waited for Makrinski to come back.

I have to hand it to the guy. When I inched the door open to let him in and he saw Chernov's legs and feet sticking out from under the blanket, he didn't bat an eye. You'd think dropping into staterooms and finding bodies on the floor was routine ship-board procedure. When I had locked the door and faced back into the room, the big Lett was sitting on a bunk, looking at Chernov and grinning. Then he glanced up at me and shrugged his shoulders, arms half extended and hands palmed up, the old *nicheco* shrug. Just another problem to work out. No use worrying about it! Me, I felt better than at any time since the wheels of a plane from Helsinki touched down at Moscow, so long ago I couldn't even count back up the days. All the inertia had been driven out by the only purgative that could have done it, violent physical action.

In muted voices we discussed disposal of the commissar. His cabin, topside, was 18 steps up a public companionway and another half dozen paces along an alley running into the lounge. How and when we should drag our burden across this no-man's-land was the 64-ruble question.

"He was drinking again before dinner," Makrinski ruminated, "and it is well known in the ship, including to the captain, that he was in this fortunate condition. Even the stewardess was speaking of it. He drinks like this often and always badly. Does this mean something to you, *tovarisch*?"

I added it up while I lit a cigarette. "It could mean plenty," I said. "It could mean we prop him between us and make as if we are lugging him upstairs, plastered."

"And if we should meet somebody on the way?"

"Then could be we've had it, chum," I answered, drawing a finger across my own gullet in a gesture that needs no explanation in anybody's language.

Makrinski grinned. After a moment he said: "That will have to be when it is nearly morning. For some hours he must remain our guest. I think I will go to his cabin and find something to make him sleep well. The Lett fumbled through the doctor's pockets until he found a key. Then he opened the door, looked up and down the passage, closed the door behind him and bellowed greetings to a passenger in the hall.

In a few moments he returned, slipping the bolt home on the inside of the door. From his pockets he produced a vial of capsules. He knelt beside the unconscious commissar and when he stood up he dusted his hands against each other, grinned and said: "Let us lift our guest onto a bed. He will not disturb us again."

The night wore along endlessly. Half a dozen times Makrinski went out to look for signs of suspicious activity, but if anybody was thinking about the absent Chernov, it was that he was abed, drunk, in his cabin. The Lett had locked the doctor's door and pouched the key.

IT WAS almost five in the morning when Makrinski pulled our door ajar and looked out. He climbed the companionway, went along the corridor past the doctor's cabin and looked into the lounge. When he came back he said quietly: "Let us take the commissar home to bed."

The first eight stairs took us to the
Continued on page 30

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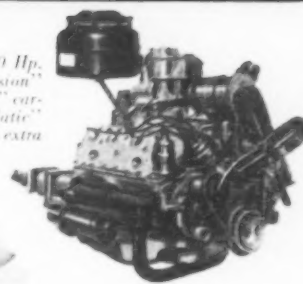


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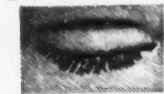
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Continued from page 28

landing, where the staircase divided, ship fashion, and curved up to starboard and port. We went up the port side, dragging the limp Russian between us. I prayed nobody would come down either bank, or that, if anybody did, the light was dim enough not to reveal that the doctor was more than merely portably plastered.

Step by step we made it to the landing. We dragged the commissar around the corner and along the alley toward the lounge. Makrinski had timed the watchman earlier and figured we had a clear 10 minutes. He had unlocked the doctor's door just before we set out. So all we had to do was make those last few stumbling steps, hoist the body over the sill and ease it onto a bunk. We left him there, face to the wall, covers pulled high against the back of his head. Makrinski said: "Go first. It is better alone. I will make sure he has enough medicine to make him sleep well, then follow."

The ship's roll was subsiding as daylight brought us into the lee of the Swedish coast. Noon found the Sestroresk deep into the island-studded channel that is the fabulous highway into the harbor of Stockholm. During the morning Makrinski made two visits to the doctor's cabin, while Anna and I sat silently below, dreading every sound we heard in the passage beyond the bolted door. When he came down the second time, Makrinski said softly: "Let us go on deck, where we can talk." We left Anna alone with the revolver and stood outside the cabin until we heard the bolt slide softly home. Then I turned the key in the lock, in case the stewardess should try the door.

On deck, Makrinski said: "I have visited the captain and told him I have found the doctor lying drunk in the lounge very late and that I have put the man to bed. The master himself has visited the cabin with me and seen his doctor covered with blankets, no face visible, but smelling violently of vodka. The captain says this is the finish and that he will make a charge against Chernov. Matters are improving, tovarisch. Let us make plans for our disembarkation, quickly."

Makrinski urged that I go ashore alone and wait in a small water-front hotel, to which he would bring Anna. "I'm not leaving without her," I said, and the Lett gave me the grin he kept for the special moments when he was being strictly from natural.

The ship was delayed in warping to its berth and it was late afternoon before a gangway was drawn over to the shore. Makrinski went up to the lounge first and was gone almost an hour. Then while he sat with Anna I went up and cleared Swedish customs and immigration. By that time it was practically dark.

When I returned to the cabin Anna was sitting on a bunk, wearing the sailor cap at a jaunty angle. Makrinski winked, thumbed toward the door and stood up. Without a word he stepped out and a moment later I heard the bulkhead door at the end of the passage open. We were into the gamut, playing it straight.

Anna stepped out briskly down the alley and disappeared into the opening through which she had come up to the cabin level as we left Libau. The bulkhead closed and I went on up to the deck. In a couple of minutes Makrinski appeared and went across the high level gangway to the dock. "Watch the well deck," he whispered as he went by. When he reached the shore he engaged the Swedish guard in nonchalant talk, offered him a Russian cigarette, then walked slowly aft toward a lower catwalk leading ashore from the well.

A moment or two later, Anna climbed up through the open hatch into the well deck. She picked up a coil of light rope and moved toward the lower gangway as if she had been sailing all her life. She strolled across to the dock, and moved off across the apron of the wharf toward a big freight shed, like a girl without a worry in all of Sweden.

I picked up my bags and went ashore, showed my papers to the guard and told him I had to go into the shed with the Soviet official to see about a rejected packing case. He said okay. I moved on to join Makrinski and we walked into the shed. By that time Anna had disappeared into its dark interior and I guessed she had made it to the far side, where the sidings and loading roadways were. Makrinski and I spoke to a couple of stevedores about the big packing case. Then we went through the shed and hunted around in the darkness until we found Anna in an alleyway between two rows of freight cars.

We crossed half a dozen tracks and came to the main yard roadway. We moved along it in the shadow of the last string of freight cars and when we came to the end and into the flood-lit open, we must have been 300 yards beyond the Sestroresk's bow. We walked smartly across the lighted area to the foot of a long stairway leading up into a wide plaza. Taxis were ranked along the curb, right by the stairway exit. We moved quickly into the first cab in the line and as Makrinski slammed the door behind him, I gave the driver the Embassy address.

TWO HOURS later, bathed and fed, Anna triggered out in a young Embassy wife's frock, the three of us sat cutting up touches with Chip Donaldson, our chargé in Stockholm. Not until then did the jigsaw pieces come together. All that had mattered was to make every new piece fit the one you'd just handled.

In Moscow the play had been Sellers to Makrinski to Nikki Boronin. That was the start. The big Lett caught the ball, because Tony Sellers had saved his life, one dirty night on the Volga. Makrinski had gone on from there to talk to Anna's brother, Nikki, who had made his help conditional on what Anna decided. Anna's eyes, across the table, told me plainly what she had asked her brother to do. It had been Nikki who rigged the deal, switching Makrinski to the Riga assignment, shifting the examination to Libau, sending Makrinski on with us to run the gauntlet into Sweden. It looked like the Messrs. Nikki Boronin and Makrinski had been putting their necks into a noose together.

On the train to Libau, Nikki had been in another car and it was he who

had worked Anna into the porter's cab, bribing the regular girl to step aside, "in the sweet name of love," Makrinski chuckled, looking at Anna. "If we hadn't let you see each other," he grinned at me, "you might have jumped off the train, a suicide at the wrong moment."

Anna's brother had hidden her in a freight car during the long stretch on the docks, switching her into the shed shortly before taking her aboard. In the freight car she had changed into sailor's dungarees to board the Sestroresk. She had emerged from behind bales in the shed when Nikki whistled his tune.

I cut in, turning to Donaldson. "Chip," I said, "I want papers to take Makrinski home."

The Lett picked up a paper cutter and began tapping the edge of the table with it, softly.

"Niet," he said slowly. "Not for Makrinski. When the ship sails, I sail, too."

Anna and I began protesting together, but the big guy shook his head thoughtfully. "In many ways," he said, "I would like this. Perhaps some day when the world has become a sensible place again, yes. I will ask to come. But now, no. I am a Soviet citizen, maybe not for long, if what has happened should become known, in which case it will not go well for those who have assisted the Citizeness Anna Katerina Boronin to leave. I do not believe this will happen, because not all Russians are policemen in their hearts and I can assure you the Commissar Karaviev is more interested in the *rekonstrukcija* of our country than in putting one of his best engineers, the brother of the citizeness, and his assistant, Makrinski, in Liubiyanka Prison. Don't get excited. I think we shall be all right."

"But what about Chernov?" I asked. "Won't he holler for the MVD?"

"For the *Gospodin* Chernov, pfui!" This was the old Makrinski of Moscow and Riga. "First the captain is my friend and against him. Second, other black marks are known, not merely to myself. Finally, there is always the possibility of an accident during the return voyage, if Chernov is disinclined to be a quiet man."

Anna began to speak, but Makrinski shook his head. "I must go to report to your brother, Citizeness," he said. "He will want to know of the success of our mission."

I walked to the door with him. At the top of the Embassy, steps he squeezed my shoulders between his hamlike hands. "Our cabin will seem strangely empty, tovarisch," he said, and stepped down into the night.

When I returned to the room, tears were on Anna's cheeks. Anna had just said good-bye to her homeland. ★

NEXT ISSUE

The Biggest Newspaper in the World

Every Sunday London's News Of The World gives 8 million readers all the news that's fit to print together with some items that the paper's critics feel would be better left on the court record or, in the case book of an anthropologist investigating the sex life of the United Kingdom. McKenzie Porter, who writes about the paper with readers from Buckingham Palace to Basutoland, worked for many years on London's Fleet Street.

IN MAY 15 MACLEAN'S

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"Mary, you know how Jim and I like to take week-end trips. Well, we're both continually amazed at the amount of money we save on gasoline since we got our new Austin A40. Would you believe it, on one trip alone—when we visited Jim's folks last summer—we actually saved \$7.00!

"Jim says that since I was the one who suggested buying the Austin, I'm entitled to the savings, and believe me, they amount to plenty. I've been able to buy ever-so-many nice things with the money we've saved on gas and upkeep.

"And Jim is just as thrilled with the Austin as I am. We both love its trim, modern lines, the smart, roomy interior, and the smooth, easy way it handles in traffic. But the thing we like best, with the cost of living so high, is the amount of money we save on gas.

"Jim says he's a confirmed Austin fan from now on and, take it from me, I am, too!"



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Portrait by Alfred Freudenman

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A White Elephant Hits The Jackpot

Continued from page 22

Besides its 98 rooms, 30 bathrooms, 25 fireplaces and swimming pool, the castle was equipped with three bowling alleys and the finest indoor rifle range in the world. The cheapest mantelpiece in the place cost \$1,500 and there are one or two Italian marble numbers which cost \$10,000 each. The huge conservatory is lined with marble, that on the south wall being chosen for a horizontal wavy grain to represent the Atlantic and that on the south wall a perpendicular grain suggestive of mountains to represent the Rockies, thus depicting a Canada-wide theme. The conservatory is entered by two \$14,000 bronze doors.

The flooring throughout the castle is as impressive as any other feature. The 80 ft. by 80 ft. great hall is floored with eight-inch-wide oak planks set in parquet style; the 60 ft. by 70 ft. dining room is also floored with oak, set in herringbone fashion. But the 200-ft.-long main corridor, which is a copy of Windsor Castle's Peacock Alley, has a floor which will last until the lizards take over. On an 18-inch concrete base are laid alternate planks of teak and mahogany, two and a half inches thick. No nails are used, the timbers being held by mahogany pegs and dovetails. Oak paneling covers the alley walls, sweeping up to a groined ceiling.

One of the west rooms is paneled with English oak. European wood carvers spent two years in this room creating one of the most beautiful panel designs in existence.

Sir Henry's hospitality was extended to many sections of society. Three thousand guests attended one of his famous parties. But he most enjoyed having his regiment drop in for the week end. The basement barracks had ample room for the 1,000 or so men and noncoms, officers were quartered in the 21 hall and tower suites. The main kitchen was large enough to feed all troops at once; besides the ordinary ovens there is one large enough to take an ox whole.

When the Queen's Own held high carnival at Casa Loma the place had the atmosphere of a medieval keep, the jolly yeomanry safe inside, ready to stand off any baron in the land.

In building his castle Pellatt did not forget to throw in a couple of dungeons and a sliding panel in one of the mahogany-paneled rooms opening onto a secret stairway. If it had not been for the rise of land on which the castle is built it is likely there would have been a moat, complete with drawbridge.

Medieval grandeur did not interfere with 20th-century comfort. Except for a few tower rooms Casa Loma is heated with a thermostatically controlled steam heat plant. Fifty two phones were scattered through the building. And there was elevator service.

The library had the first indirect lighting system of its size in North America. So much gold and silver plating was spread over bathroom fixtures that a guest being given a suite with mere nickel plating could justifiably feel insulted.

An underground passage a quarter of a mile long leads to the stables, which were thrown up for a paltry \$250,000. Persian runners were placed on the tile floors; the stalls are Spanish mahogany; and all fittings are of solid brass. In the days when the stables contained some of the most expensive horseflesh in the world each animal's name was set in letters of 18-carat

gold at the head of its stall. No. 1 stall was occupied by Prince, a magnificent animal which King George V once offered to buy. It must have been a painful decision for one so loyal to the Crown, yet so devoted to his horse, as Sir Henry. The King, a horse lover, understood Pellatt's dilemma and withdrew the offer.

Prince did not live at Casa Loma long. He was brought down with a malady which resulted in the loss of his teeth. A set of false teeth were made but they never worked satisfactorily. A liquid diet was then concocted but, under the anxious eyes of his owner, vets and grooms, Prince died of starvation in the midst of plenty.

It has generally been thought that in building Casa Loma Pellatt bit off more than he could chew—that he was crushed beneath the weight of his towering ambition. This was not the case. He could not foresee the huge increase in living costs which World War I and the postwar years were to bring. A fixed income which could support such a place in 1913 became inadequate soon after.

Taxes Were \$1,000 a Month

The taxes on the property were \$600 a year when the castle was still in the blueprint stage. When the Pellatts moved in they were 10 times that amount and by the early 20's were \$1,000 a month. In the same period his fuel bill jumped \$15,000 a year and the servants' payroll reached \$22,000 from an original \$9,000.

This was too much even for Sir Henry. Rather than dip into his capital he called in the auctioneer. In 1924 the contents of the Wedgwood and Louis XV bedrooms, the Napoleon drawing-room, the Empire and Georgian furniture, the Bohemian glass and Sevres girandoles, and a few carloads of similar pieces went under the hammer. The furniture and accessories at that time were reported to be worth from \$500,000 to \$750,000; all but a few items which Pellatt withheld from sale brought only \$150,000.

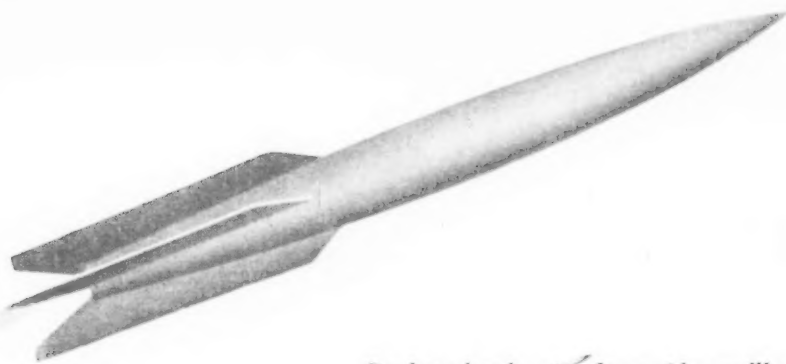
Sir Henry moved to his country estate near King, Ont., and still had the regiment out for week ends. He never lived at Casa Loma again. He continued to pay the taxes until 1929, when he gave up even that costly connection with his castle.

Late in 1929 he gave a New York syndicate a short lease on Casa Loma. The syndicate spent nearly \$200,000 converting it into a luxury apartment-hotel. It might have been a good idea in normal times, but there was a depression just around the corner. The head chef, who was to be paid \$10,000 a year, came to work in a top hat and a chauffeur-driven Packard. Few of the guests could travel the pace set by the hired help. The venture lasted less than six months.

For the next few years Toronto watched the tax bill mount by annual gobs of \$12,000 while What To Do With Casa Loma became a popular game. To convert it into a hospital, museum, railway station or apartment building were among the comparatively rational suggestions made by private citizens, the Press and civic peace seekers at election times. Among the more wild-eyed suggestions were that it become a Canadian Vatican, an Orange Lodge, a millionaires' morgue, a home for the Dionne quints, or a refuge for broken-down writers, artists and musicians. The noted Canadian artist, John Russell, who made the latter suggestion, explained simply, "They need something like that."

In 1933 Toronto City Council decided to buy the castle.
Continued on page 34

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THE
Salvation Army
RED SHIELD APPEAL

Continued from page 32
cided that the city would have to take over Casa Loma; the accumulated taxes were \$52,000. As soon as the castle became city property the councilors came up with a suggestion which they felt would solve the problem once and for all.

Wreck it!

Wrecking companies reported that Casa Loma was so solidly built it would cost much more to tear it down than could be realized from the sale of the pieces. With moist brows the city fathers came up with a second, and surely the final, solution.

Blow it up!

It could be dynamited all right, the experts replied, but in doing so the walls of all nearby buildings would be blown in and every pane of glass in the west end of the city would be shattered.

From his country home Sir Henry chuckled. "You can't burn it down, either. It's fireproof!"

It was reported from Hollywood that Mary Pickford might shoot a historical film at the castle. A New York report had it that Father Divine would pay half a million for the place and turn it into "Heaven."

Everything But a Rattling Ghost

At about this time radio commentator Claire Wallace decided that the Casa Loma story should be dusted off. As she described the building and told some of its history a listener in West Toronto, William Bothwell, started getting ideas. Bothwell is a member of the West Toronto Kiwanis Club. When Miss Wallace signed off Bothwell got on the phone with other members and sounded them out on his scheme. They were for it.

A club delegation waited on the next meeting of the Board of Control. They explained that if the city would allow the Kiwanis Club to take over Casa Loma and operate it as a tourist attraction the club would bear all operating costs, pay the city a rental of 25% of the gross take, and apply all net proceeds to the Kiwanis work for underprivileged boys.

The board listened politely. They sent the delegation up to the castle with an official from the property department. "And that," one controller whispered to another, "will be that."

The property official swung wide the castle doors and saw the delegation swallowed by the dank interior. He waited outside in the fresh air with the idea of sending in a search party if the Kiwanians did not show up by sundown.

Within a couple of hours the delegation had returned to daylight. Their clothing was covered with dirt, dust and cobwebs. They had trooped through endless corridors, halls and towers encrusted with the dirt of seven years. They noted that many panes of glass were broken, the number later proving to be 25,000 by actual count. Dead pigeons, bats, rats, and other fauna strewn the upper rooms and towers. Their march through the building had disturbed owls and swallows. It seemed that all Casa Loma needed to become a fully fledged medieval ruin was a chain-rattling ghost. They were none too sure that nightfall would not have produced just that.

"It's a natural," they cried. "We'll clean it up. We'll scrub every room and hall; we'll paint and varnish every square foot of the place; we'll make it just as it was when Sir Henry Pellatt lived here. And everybody and his brother will want to pay two bits for a personally conducted tour of the place."

"What will you use for money?" they were asked.

"We'll build an ordinary house and raffle it off and use the money to restore Casa Loma," they replied. And they did.

In the following weeks Toronto was given a demonstration of the great determination and smooth organization which lies below the boisterous exterior of a service club. Salesmen, doctors, actuaries, teachers, and all other types of men who make up a Kiwanis membership, trooped in and out of the castle armed with brooms, mops, pails and brushes. They made good their boast. The house raffle was a success. After many weeks of toil Casa Loma was again clean and weatherproof.

In May, 1937, Casa Loma was advertised for the first time as a sight-seeing attraction. The club members acted as staff and guides, each having perfected a spiel on the history and noteworthy features of the place. They had their hands full. More than 1,600 people trooped through, leaving a little less than \$400 in the till (admission for children was 15 cents). The \$100 earmarked for the city was the first revenue Casa Loma had produced for its unwilling owners in eight years. By the end of that first summer 134,241 people had visited the castle, paying a gross of \$32,758 of which the city received \$8,189. At the end of the season an impressed city granted the club a 10-year lease.

The Kiwanis Casa Loma committee decided to fit the building for year-round use. The heating plant was repaired, extra furniture was bought. The library was converted into a dance hall for a three-nights-a-week dance, still a favorite with Toronto's younger set. Dancers at the castle get no liquor, but refreshments cost no more than at a ball game.

Kiwanis guides have been replaced by five girls from the University of Toronto who now handle the droves of visitors who "oh" and "ah" their way through Casa Loma each year. This year, even though admission prices have advanced to 50 cents for adults and 25 cents for children, there is no falling off in visitors. A new attraction is the restoration of Sir Henry Pellatt's bedroom.

She Wanted the King and Queen

The visitors seem to feel they get their money's worth. So far only one complaint has been received. That was from an American woman who felt she had been gypped because the King and Queen were not in residence. She got her money back.

Sight-seers who become lost from the groups following the guides are a worry to the management. Not long ago a straggler was found in the tunnel leading to the stables. When offered safe conduct back to sunnier regions he flatly refused. It was the first spot he had found in Canada where his hay fever didn't bother him, and he intended to remain there, sitting on the floor, until closing time. They brought him a chair.

The only time the management was ever threatened with a lawsuit was when a distracted husband stormed into business manager George L. Hardy's office to cry that his wife had been lost. Searchers were sent in all directions. The hours slid by with no sign of the missing wife and, as her husband became more hysterical in his catalogue of the claims he would press against Casa Loma, Hardy grew worried. He recalled the story of the workman who was lost for four days in Casa Loma at the time it was nearing completion. A few minutes before closing time the missing woman calmed

descended the main stairs. She had remained on one of the towers to take some pictures, become lost, but finally found her own way back.

During World War II Casa Loma's stables and carriage house were used by Corman Engineering Ltd., Toronto, to assemble ASDIC, the sonic apparatus used by ships to detect U-boats. When the Admiralty gave William C. Corman the job he was stuck for a place with enough head room to take the main gear. Twenty feet clearance was needed. Secrecy was essential. So he chose Casa Loma.

"In those huge rooms we had the space," he explains. "As for security, any spy or saboteur worth his salt wouldn't go to a Coney Island shooting gallery to see the latest army rifle, so by the same token no one would bother us in a freak castle crawling with pleasure seekers."

It was necessary to let two Kiwanians into the secret. When they pointed out that the building was city property and that members of the Board of Control should also be told, Corman's reply was brief.

"Can't be done. The city fathers hate the Germans just as much as we do. They'll forgive us when the war is over."

A \$1 padlock was placed on the door closing off the hush-hush section and for four years a group of 20 hand-picked mechanics and engineers assembled ASDIC apparatus in one of the two assembly plants in the British Empire. The workers entered and left the building one at a time; their hours were carefully staggered; the humming of their machines excited no curiosity. Neither spies nor saboteurs ever called.

Even Sir Henry Was Satisfied

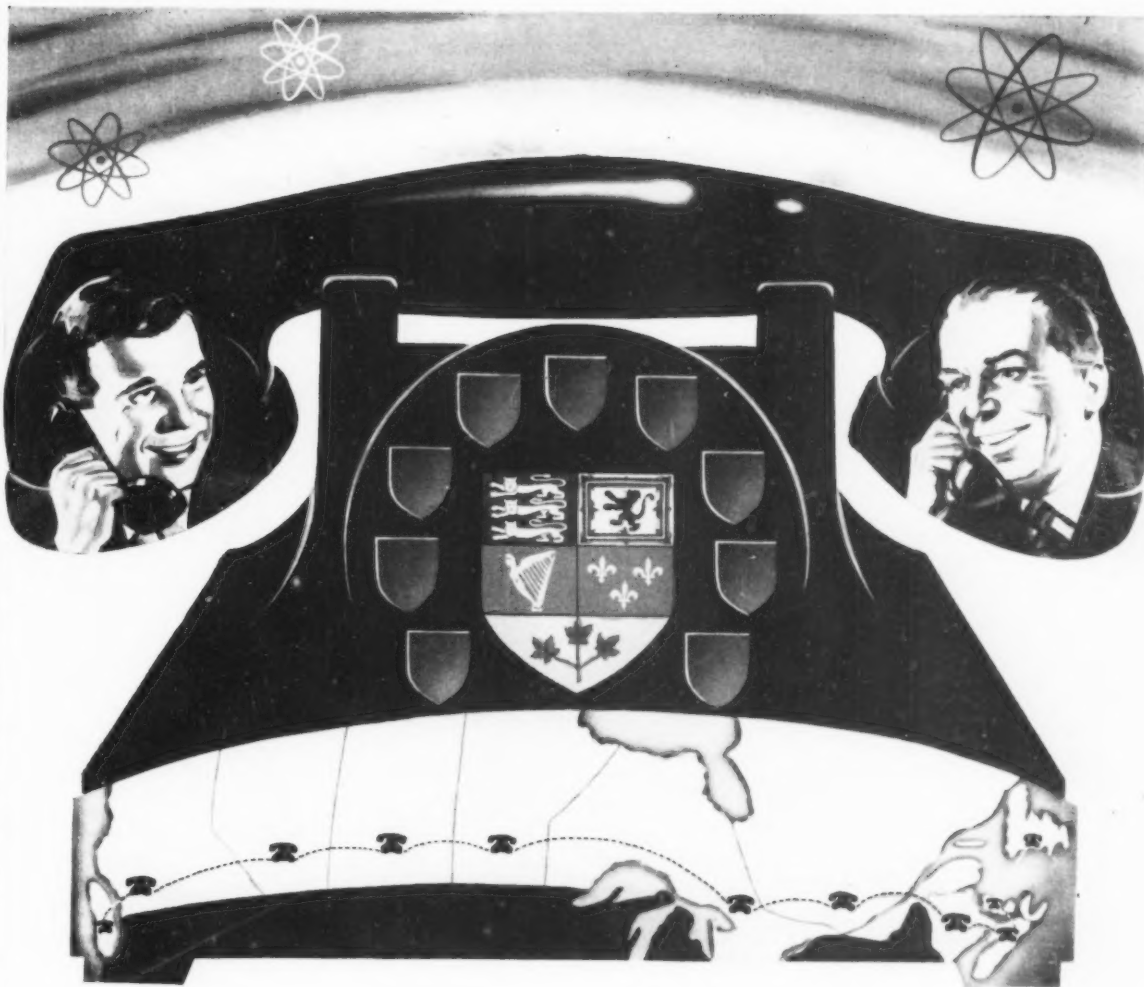
Through the revenue it gets from Casa Loma the West Toronto Kiwanis Club's philanthropies now cover practically everything but the gold cure. The club sends 500 boys to camp at Woodbridge, 20 miles outside Toronto, every summer. It grants four scholarships to students in each of seven West Toronto high schools. It buys artificial limbs, crutches and wheel chairs for handicapped children and adults. It donates milk, bread and clothing regularly to scores of needy families. It has given more than 1,000 pigs—two to a farm—to rural youngsters.

During the war Casa Loma was the source of thousands of dollars sent to the Maritimes for the entertainment and comforts for sailors and embarking soldiers. In 1948 \$500 was chipped in for flood victims in British Columbia. A Hamilton TB patient who required special treatment for six months had the bill paid by Casa Loma, and is cured.

Some of the castle's revenue goes to organized charities such as the Community Chest and such national appeals as the Red Cross, Salvation Army and Cancer Fund. Just in case something might be overlooked the club keeps an emergency committee organized to take care of families left destitute by fire or other sudden catastrophes.

In 1938, a year after the club had turned Casa Loma into a going concern, a testimonial luncheon was given Sir Henry Pellatt at the castle. It was the year before his death. Speaking to the club members and civic officials Sir Henry said: "I built Casa Loma principally as a place where people would enjoy themselves. I learn that your club is now using it for that same purpose, and bringing enjoyment and happiness to countless people who will never see the castle. It could not be put to better use. I am satisfied."

And so, it seems, is everyone else. ★



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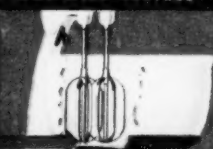
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36

People Aren't Polite Any More

Continued from page 17

them with mud and talk to himself in the rear-vision mirror.

Pedestrians are just as thoughtless. Jaywalking, which means putting all the responsibility and inconvenience on the motorist, has become so bad that by-laws have been created to cope with it. (Only suckers, of course, obey the by-laws unless a cop is looking.)

Streetcar motormen are probably even worse than the motorists. In a traffic tieup they'll hammer the bell at the motorist in front of them, regardless of whether he can move or not.

A traffic cop at a busy intersection put it bluntly: "I often stand there and wonder: 'What do motormen expect drivers to do? Get out and carry the car on their back?'"

He told me that women drivers trying to park in a big indoor garage on his beat will pull up beside the "Sorry, Garage Full" sign and wait there half on the street in hopes of someone leaving, and tying up traffic for a block and a half until he moves them.

There are some reasons for our increasing rudeness. With the growth of our cities we've passed the time when each of us was part of a social unit, as we were when we lived in small towns and villages. The sense of "belonging," a sense of responsibility to the group, is becoming as quaint as a mustache cup. Most of us belong only to our families.

The psychological gulf between individuals is widening; on the other hand, we rub shoulders more often and more irritatingly with one another than our forefathers did. We move almost entirely among strangers, but strangers packed into a crowded spot. We frequently don't know the name of the person in the next apartment, or in the house two doors down the street, but we have all we can do to keep our elbow out of his soup at a downtown lunch counter.

Ulcers in the Cold War

Fifty years ago, even in the cities, there were more people with a rural background than there are today. Small-town life can't help but be courteous because everybody knows everybody else. In a small town a person who looks as if he is trying to get ahead of you in a lineup turns out to be Charlie So-and-So who runs the fishing-tackle shop and who is coming over Saturday night for bridge. But in a place like Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton or Winnipeg, he's just a wise guy who thinks he's getting away with something.

Years ago, lining up for theatres, sales and streetcars was comparatively unknown. A group of half a dozen people could behave courteously and still not lose too much time. Today being polite can mean a half-hour wait for a streetcar or an hour-and-a-half wait outside a movie. We get into the habit of fighting all the way. The queue was invented to keep us from trampling one another to death. Without it we revert to the law of the jungle.

A streetcar conductor told me that a handful of passengers getting on an empty car at the end of the line will shove one another as if their lives depended on it. He has seen women shoved into the car, when there was no reason for shoving, with such velocity that they have fallen flat on their faces.

The manager of a Toronto hotel reports that many people, the moment they get to their rooms, pick up the

Maclean's Magazine, May 1, 1960

phone and raise blue murder with at least three people on the staff, on the theory that this is the only way to be sure of getting fast service.

From this cynical viewpoint consideration for others has lost its point. There's nothing in it for you. The main object seems to be to get there first, and, often, to keep anyone else from getting there at all.

So many of us commute back and forth with our ulcers in a cold war with life's fellow travelers, battling one another through revolving doors, closing our way ahead in lineups, eyeing one another with faint hostility, taking the attitude "Okay, so I bumped into him. Why worry about apologies. I'll never see the jerk again." Perhaps as a sop to our consciences we vote to popularity songs with lyrics like "What a wonderful word, hello," and "Dear hearts and gentle people who live and love in my home town."

Flowers Have Their Thorns

Thirty years ago a man's manners toward a woman were, and technically still are, based on the assumption that woman is a delicate sensitive creature, easily tired, who must be fêted, amused and protected. It's hard to keep up the illusion. Today women ski, wrestle, play hockey and softball, operate riveting and spot-welding machines, drive taxis and trucks, hold executive positions and frequently give men a lot of lip when they get enough authority.

In our grandmother's day a woman was taught that a lady remembered her deportment at all times. A woman today in a crowd, competing for anything from walking room to bargains, gives the impression of being about as delicate and sensitive as a six-ply tire, shoving, hauling, pushing, crushing and using her handbag, parcels, bosom or anything else that comes in handy. A woman will stand at the cash counter in a restaurant, a post-office wicket or a teller's cage holding up the whole line until she reorganizes the entire contents of her purse and does everything but put her hair up in curlers.

A woman waiting for a place at a crowded lunch counter will often peer at every plate, note who has reached ice cream and coffee, stand so close behind the customer's back that she is breathing down his neck, and watch the progress of every bite.

"It's getting so bad," Bill Sparks, a counterman in a Montreal quick-lunch spot, says, "that it even gets on my nerves. One babe, a few days ago, parked so close behind a little guy that she was almost helping him swallow his food, then started working on me because I wasn't bringing his dessert fast enough!"

Men who have been victims of this sort of thing and who have been batted around by women in downtown crowds find it difficult to regard them as delicate flowers. They are more likely to figure: "Why should a guy who has been standing at a lathe from 8 to 5 have to get up to give his seat to some woman who comes downtown to shop at 11 o'clock?"

But the men throw their weight around in a way that's not as noticeable but just as bad—sometimes worse. A woman's rudeness in a crowd is a lusty free-for-all of blocking, body-checking and fast footwork. But a man will use his real or simulated prestige, a booming voice, an impressive manner and a homburg hat, and often a bit of loose change, to make the hostess or headwaiter think he is at least the mayor of the city and cruise past the waiting line like a visiting maharaja.

Men are inclined to expect, wherever they are, all the comforts they enjoy at home and get huffy if anyone objects.

A man in a restaurant will spread his newspaper out as if he were propping it against the marmalade jar at home. He often likes his half of a streetcar seat in the middle and likes another three feet or so of elbow room to read his paper.

One of the worst casualties of modern life is respect for our elders. Deference to age has its roots deep in the history of civilization; it was believed that the older a man grew the wiser he became. But today, with the universal use of machines, the elders' skills are not as useful or important. Some persons are too old at 60 or 55 or even 50, and many healthy, useful men and women who are capable and willing to work are being retired by the pension schemes of corporations who place more and more importance on youth. Oldsters no longer have a sure place in modern society. In many homes today you see the tragedy of the grandfather or grandmother being relegated to a back bedroom, a rather tedious responsibility to the family group.

An outcome of this is the lack of respect for age that we see particularly among teen-agers. "Sir," as a term of address for a senior man, has almost been dropped. Girls no longer, as a general rule, stand when an older woman enters a room. But more important is the lack of attentiveness and respect toward older people in general tone of voice and behavior.

One woman of 55 told me: "Today, when I go downtown, younger men and women barge through doorways ahead of me, squeeze ahead of me in lineups. When I meet them socially, both young men and young women, instead of waiting to be addressed first, as I was taught to do in the presence of an older person, talk to me as if we were old chums. When I go visiting, children interrupt my conversation, speak to me in the same tone that they use with one another, and make no apologies for bombarding me with toy airplanes, crawling over me to retrieve darts, and barking my shins with doll carriages."

"I visited a friend of mine a few weeks ago who has three children—two little boys and a girl. When I arrived they were on the living-room floor playing with a train. Their mother called them and introduced me. One boy looked up, said nothing, went on playing. The other little boy and the girl both gave me an unenthusiastic 'Hi.' If I'd ever said 'Hi,' or anything like it, when I was introduced to an adult my mother or my father would have boxed the back of my head, company or no company. Yet the mother beamed at them as if it were their cute and started right in talking about how well they were doing in school."

The increased tempo and pressure of modern business have made our manners worse. Even if we felt like being polite most of us are too busy answering phones and buzzers and getting through routine jobs, in which we have no real interest, to take the time. The telephone has put interruptions, pointless questions and irritating verbal horseplay on a coast-to-coast hookup. A man 15 miles away can bring us to the

phone to ask if we have enough insurance while we are in the middle of a conference, a column of figures or a dinner with the family. The phone is certainly a mixed blessing.

Selling and buying are the reverse sides of business manners. A salesman scenting a fat order is on his best behavior; the buyer tends to be wary, brusque and faintly hostile. The war proved in a way no one will ever forget how much modern sales courtesy depends on expedience. Salespeople became indifferent, rude and insulting when commodities got scarce and jobs plentiful. The natural good manners of employees are so unreliable now that big stores provide elaborate courses on how to be friendly, how to call women "Madame," men "Sir," and how to say "Please," "Thank you" and "I'm sorry." One store went so far as to have a harp strum over an amplifying system to remind its salesclerks to smile.

While I was working on this article I called at a well-known accident insurance company to see the claims manager. A girl in the office, acting as his secretary, told me, "He's very busy. I don't think he'll see you." She didn't know who I was or what I wanted. For all she or the claims manager knew I could have dropped in to buy the company.

I asked her why she was so sure he wouldn't see me.

"Well, because he has men like you coming in all day long."

When I asked her what she meant, men like me, she said with evident distaste, "Salesmen."

I got sore and told her to tell the claims manager I wanted to see him anyway. She went to his office, spoke to him, came back and announced with relish, "He's too busy. He can't see you."

That company, incidentally, has a public relations officer as busy as a cab driver on New Year's Eve writing house-organ articles, many of which liken the company to a solid old folksy friend of the family.

We are living in a rude world. But one of the definitions given by Webster for "rude" is: "Rugged, sturdy, vigorous." Much of our rudeness has a healthy origin. We are living in a more realistic world. We have no patience with artificiality. We no longer pretend that women are delicate fainting ornaments in public then chain them to a scrubboard in private. Diplomats no longer continue to address one another in courtly terms while the guns are being brought into action.

We have discarded a good deal of hypocrisy. But we have thrown the baby out with the bath. There is great power in normal courtesy. To treat a person respectfully, to speak to him respectfully, tend to engender respect. It was a better world, a more friendly world, a more peaceable world, a world of fewer divorces, happier homes and happier families when people said "How do you do?" instead of "How're yuh?" called their elders "Sir" and "Ma'am," and said "I beg your pardon," instead of "Drop dead." ★

NEXT ISSUE

Swing That Dudelsack, Mac

A Chaldean called Cholly started it and Scots the world over, with the help of jokesmiths, have made the bagpipe famous. John Largo writes of this art form with affection and knowledge in another of his bright informative and amusing articles.

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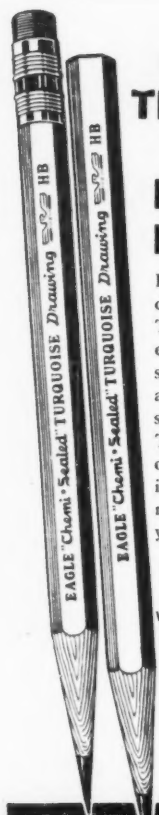
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38

Brother, Stay 'Way From My Girl

Continued from page 10

wonderful time. Her eyes were violet-blue and her eyebrows were almost black, and her hair hung to her shoulders in a straight, golden sheath. (One catty girl was known to have remarked that those singing lessons certainly were good for her hair; every time she went to Springfield her hair got a little bit more golden.) She was a dish, all right. Paul had nearly jumped with surprise when she had said she'd go to the dance with him. Of course, he was the first one to ask her; he had asked her the very minute the committee had finished deciding on the date. Just another one of the advantages, he thought, still grinning, of being the chairman of the committee.

He went in and took his shower, singing the class song at the top of his voice—happily convinced, as he always was, that with the water running nobody could hear him. When he got back in the room, still a little damp and wearing only his shorts, Glen was apparently satisfied with his tie; he gave his hair one last flick, stuck his brushes together, put the car keys in his pocket, and headed for the door.

"Hey!" Paul said. "What's the rush?"

"Got a date."

"I know that," Paul said. "But wait for me."

"Can't. Have to go right now."

"Then what's the idea of taking the car keys?"

"I am taking the car keys," Glen said, with elaborate patience, "because I am taking the car."

"You aren't!" Paul said. "If you take the car, how am I going to get there?"

"Walk," Glen said briefly. "A short walk, one you take quite often. Whereas I really happen to need the car."

Paul hesitated. His first feeling was one of righteous and furious anger, but he really was on ticklish ground, and he knew it. After all, Glen did own half the car. They had bought it together the summer before, and neither could possibly have managed it alone. Glen had put in most of the money, and Paul had put in most of the work. It was both secondhand and broken-down when they got it, but hard work, spare parts, and a lot of loving care had turned it into something pretty good. It was Paul's pride and joy, and he spent most of his spare time tinkering with it. Glen did not bother. He was no mechanic; he wasn't even a very good driver. So, in spite of Glen's having put up more money, in a way Paul had always felt it was his car.

"Now look," he said carefully. "You've got a date. Granted. I also have a date. Granted. We can't either of us ask our dates to walk. We can, however, go together, pick up my date, pick up your date—" He stopped; Glen was shaking his head slowly. "Well, gee whiz," Paul said, exasperated, so exasperated that his voice came awfully close to cracking, the way it hadn't for at least a couple of years—"now listen, Glen! You know I've got to go in the car! You know I can't ask a girl like Sibby Thompson to walk!"

Glen's eyebrows went up in astonishment, quickly followed by a look of commiseration. "Sibby Thompson?" he said. "You mean to say you thought Sibby was going with you?"

"But she is!" Paul said, and that time his voice really did do something funny. It didn't crack exactly, but it did squeak.

Glen shook his head. "Sorry, son. That's not the way I heard it when I was around there this afternoon."

"You were around there—"

Glen jingled the car keys in his pocket. "Oh, she did say that you'd said something about it, a long time ago. But you hadn't said anything about it since, no flowers or anything—" he paused for a meaningful second—"so she figured you were standing her up. So she said she'd go with me."

"Flowers!" Paul said, and he could feel his face growing red. Of course he had forgotten the flowers; of course he should have known better. But he'd been so busy all the afternoon, he'd had so much on his mind about the dance, a guy couldn't think of everything, could he? And Glen had known it, the dog, and he'd gone around there at the last minute and let Sibby think she was being stood up.

She should have known better. But even if she hadn't quite believed him, of course she would rather go with Glen. Of course she'd rather go with a college man. It was the way it had always worked out for him, all his life long. Just because Glen had happened to be born a year earlier, Glen got everything. Just because Glen was a little bit older.

"Sorry, son," Glen said again, and went through the door, still jingling the car keys. And all of a sudden all the whirling thoughts in Paul's head clashed together in just one knowledge—that Glen had tricked him, Glen had done him dirty, and he hated Glen, and he wanted to hit him.

He lunged after him and down the stairs, but Glen was already out the front door. And Paul, trapped by his underwear and his mother's startled look, could only go back to his room and slam the door.

THEY HAD never got on too well, even before Glen went away to college. They didn't show it in public, of course. When Glen was playing as the star forward on the basketball team, Paul sat on the side lines and practically warmed himself in the reflected glory of being Glen's brother. And sometimes, when Paul was playing baseball and hit a particularly good one—even if it was only in practice—he would hear Glen drawl, in his own way, "Well, there he is. My brother."

But at home it didn't go so well. Being so near the same age, and having to share a room the way they did, there was lots to fight about. They were the same size, for one thing, and there never seemed to be enough good ties and clean shirts to go around. The girls, in their room at the other end of the hall, shared clothes all the time and never seemed to fight about it; they even went together whenever they had to buy anything new, to make sure they both would like it. Maybe it was different for them because they were girls, and it was easy for them to tell their things apart.

But with Glen and Paul it was a steady battle, and it didn't get any better after Glen went to college. In Paul's opinion, he didn't go far enough. He only went about 50 miles away, and he came home almost every week end. Often on Monday morning, rushing to get ready for school, Paul would find that all his clean shirts had gone to college, and that Glen had evened it up by leaving his dirty ones behind. They fought about nearly everything, from tie clips to shoes. You wouldn't have thought, the way things were, that they could ever share a car together, but it had worked out pretty well, especially since Glen felt the way he did about cars. He was perfectly willing to let Paul drive it all

Maclean's Magazine, May 1, 1950

the time, as long as Paul would drive him wherever he wanted to go.

It had worked out pretty well, that is, until tonight. Paul sat on the edge of his bed, his chin in his hands, and his thoughts were so bitter he could almost taste them. Some brother, he kept thinking, some brother. All the people there are in the world, and I had to get that one for my brother.

His rage was so great that he could not even try to express it. He knew that there would be no way out for it, no way out for him, until the moment came—the moment that was sure to come, that had to come—the moment when he caught up with Glen and walloped him. His hands kept doubling up into fists without his knowing it, and every so often he hit at the bed he sat on.

He was brought to his senses when he missed, finally, and his hand hit the bed post instead of the mattress. He hit it so hard that the pain was intense; he sat for a minute holding it, actually feeling better because of the pain. When it stopped hurting he got up and began to dress.

He would go to the dance, all right. He would go to the dance and he would find Glen and he would paste him one. Not inside the building, of course. This was his dance, and he did not intend to spoil it. But sooner or later, on a night like this, every couple in there would come wandering out for a look at the moon. All he had to do was wait till Glen came out, and then paste him.

He did not know what he would do after that. His thoughts did not go any farther. It didn't really matter; all that mattered was that one moment when he would hit Glen.

He had surprisingly little trouble with his tie, probably because he was not thinking about it. His mother was sitting in the living room when he came down, working on a needlepoint fire screen that she was making. She had been making it for the last six years, and it did not seem likely that she would ever finish it, partly because she only worked on it when she wanted not to worry about something; following the involved design, she could not possibly think about anything else.

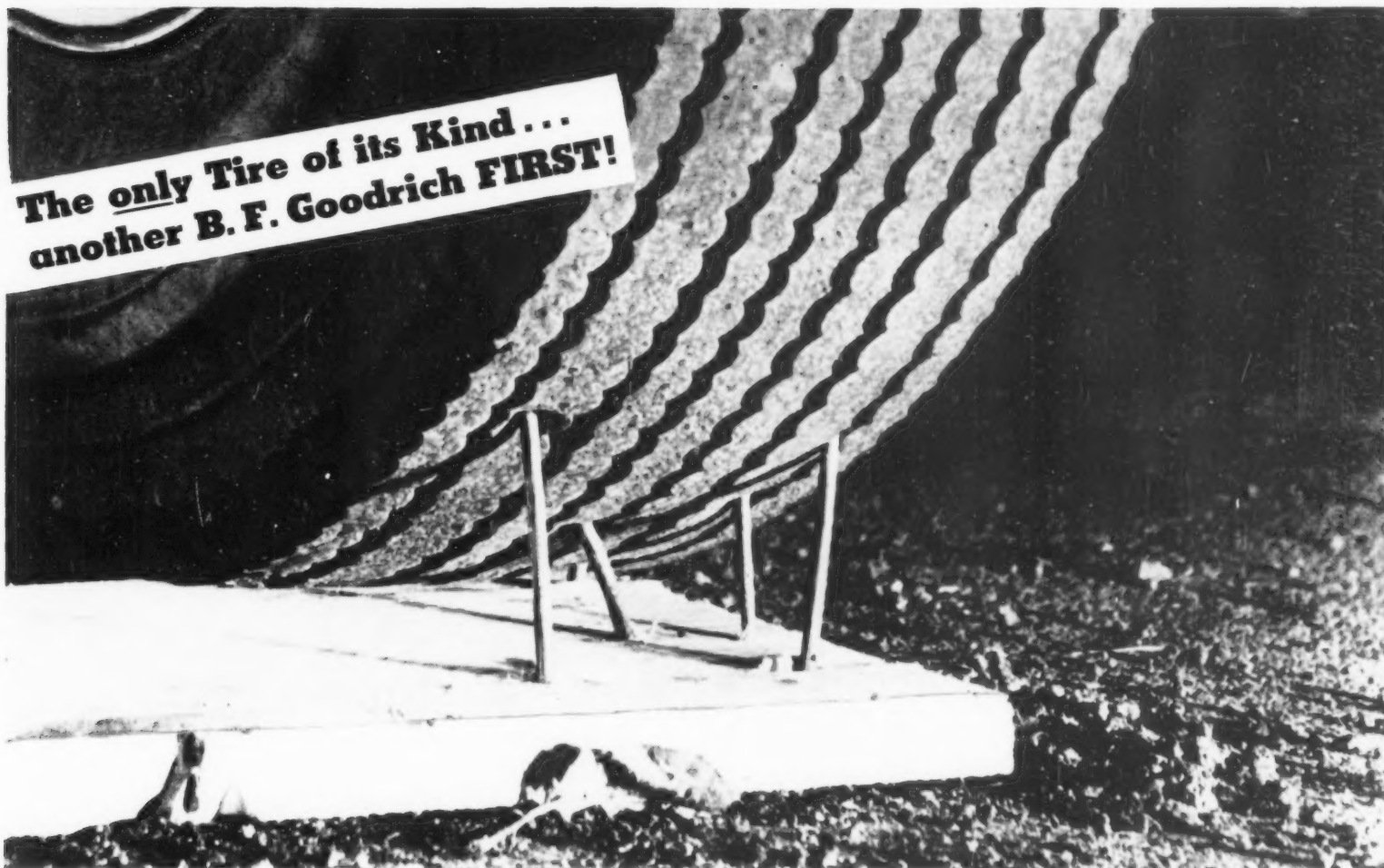
It was a second before she lifted her head after he said, "Good night, Mom." She lifted it slowly, almost reluctantly, but when she finally looked at him she smiled and got up. She said, "You look very nice, dear. So grown up I hardly know you. Here, let me straighten that tie a little." She touched at the tie, changing it hardly at all, her eyes on his face. He knew the look in them—troubled and sad and a little puzzled, the way they always looked when he was scrapping with Glen. "Have a good time," she said. And then, when he got nearly to the door, she said, "Paul—"

He turned back. "What?"

"Nothing," she said, and managed a little smile. "Just have a good time, dear. Be careful driving."

WHEN HE got to the school he went around to the back, to the parking lot. He didn't want to be seen hanging around outside the front door; people would wonder why he didn't go in, and start kidding him when he wouldn't. It wouldn't look so funny if he was out there in the parking lot; he could pretend he was just coming, or that he had come back to get something out of the car. He wandered through the rows of cars, looking for his own, noticing how the moon made a small sharp reflection in all the shiny fenders of the new cars, and none at all in the old ones. There were a lot of cars, and it took him quite a while before he spotted his own.

Continued on page 40



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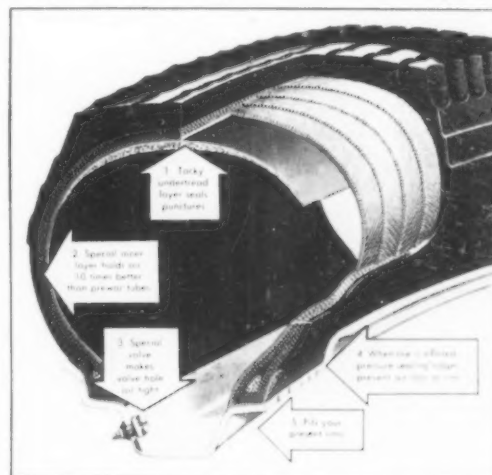
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Continued from page 38

When he did he couldn't believe his eyes. He walked up to it slowly, he put his hand out and touched it, making sure that what he saw was real, and not just a shadow. The right rear fender, that had been shiny enough a few hours before to reflect the moon, was nothing but a crumpled hunk of metal.

He had thought it wasn't possible for him to be any more angry, and in a way he wasn't. But the way he felt now was much worse than the way he

had felt before, because added to his anger there was the bitter, frustrating knowledge that no amount of pining could make up for this. And, what was worse, he knew that Glen never would understand what he was so upset about. To Glen, as long as the car ran, it was all right. He could never seem to understand Paul's pride in his own simonizing job and the fenders that he had worked so hard over.

He walked slowly around the car, looking for further damage. There was none. The car next to it, though, had a

crumpled left fender. He could see exactly what had happened. Glen had backed in too fast and had cut his wheel too quickly; Glen never had been able to do a decent job of parking.

Glen had done this, and then had gone happily in to the dance, not even caring. Taking Paul's date. Busting up Paul's car. Not even caring.

He heard the music stop inside the hall, and he started to walk slowly toward it. He found that his hands felt clammy, and he put them in his pockets. Then he found they felt too

hot, and he took them out again quickly.

He was nearly at the edge of the parking lot before he heard the voices. Loud, angry voices; somebody having an argument. Ordinarily he would have stopped to listen, but tonight he cared too much about what he had to do. He was almost past before he realized that one of the voices was Glen's.

It was Glen, sounding superior and amused, the way he always did when he wanted to put something over. "Now listen," he was saying, and he laughed a little, "you fellows are getting yourselves all worked up about nothing. Take it easy, can't you? Grow up a little."

"We're grown up already, Buster," a hard voice said. "And we don't think we worked up about nothing. So better not think so either, see?"

Paul stood very still. Glen was being superior and amused, all right, but this time he wasn't getting away with it. Glen seemed to realize it too, for he changed his voice a little.

"All right," he said. "All right. So it is something after all. It's two crumpled fenders. Now what do you want me to do about it—fall over in a faint?"

PAUL moved cautiously around to where he could see them. There were two men standing and talking to Glen, standing close together and glaring down at him as he sat, apparently relaxed and unworried, against the fender of a car. Paul recognized the men—the blond one was Bud Tait, who had been the hero of the football team when he had been in school, about six years before, and the other one was Lester Hirsch, his side-kick. Bud and Lester hadn't done much since they had graduated; not what people had expected of them, anyway. Now they just sort of bummed around together, spending a lot of time in a poker game in back of the pool room, and occasionally getting very drunk. The nice girls in town did not go out with them. Nobody knew what they did for a living, exactly. They didn't have any visible income, but they did have a new car. And Glen had smashed its fender.

"What I want you to do," Bud said, "is very simple. I want you to give my fender fixed. That's all."

"And what if I won't?" Glen asked. Mad as he was at him, Paul had to admit that he admired Glen's nerve just leaning there like that with his hands in his pockets, talking back to Bud Tait. "In the first place," he said, "what makes you think it's my fault. We were both backing there at the same time. We bumped. Why is it my fault more than yours?"

Bud gave an unpleasant snort of laughter. "What makes me think it's his fault, he asks," he said to Lester. He turned back to Glen, and his voice was different. "Because you can't drive, you punk. Everybody in town knows you can't drive. You back up like an old woman."

Paul felt suddenly uncomfortable. It was true, of course. And a few minutes before he had been ready to say the same thing to Glen—the same thing, and lots worse. But that was different. Glen was his brother. He had a right to say those things about his own brother. But it sounded different, coming from a stranger.

Glen took it well; he didn't even seem annoyed. "That still doesn't say I was wrong this time," he said. "Besides that, my fender got dented too. What about that?"

"Your fender!" Bud said. "As though a dented fender made any difference on a crate like that."

Paul felt his hands making fists. *Continued on page 42*

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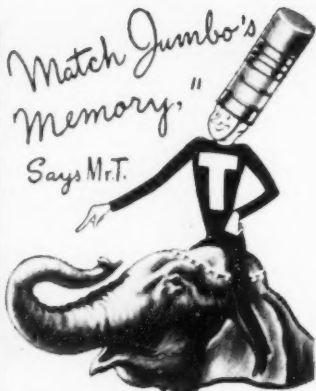
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Continued from page 40

again, all of their own accord. First these jerks insulted his brother, and now they were insulting his car.

Glen's voice was still amused, still controlled. "Why, it makes more difference on our car than it does on yours," he said.

"More difference? On a pile of junk like that?"

"You just don't understand about cars," Glen said. "Take yours, for instance. You want your fender fixed, all you've got to do is drive into a garage and they've got the fixings—same number of paint, everything. Even a new fender, if you need it. Then you take ours if we want a new fender, we've got to comb the junkyards from here to Springfield. We want to match the paint, we've got to mix it ourselves. You don't understand—it takes genius to keep our car in shape. We should be lots madder than you are."

Paul listened, surprised. Glen did understand, just a little, after all. He sounded amused, and almost as though he were poking fun, but in a way he understood.

"All I understand," Bud said, "is that you're giving me the run-around, and I don't like it." And his fist swung suddenly, without a second's warning, and cracked against Glen's jaw.

Glen was on his feet in a second, more dazed and surprised than hurt, his fists coming up slowly. Bud hit him again, just a quick jab, enough to back him against the car, but by that time Paul had moved in. He moved in, fast and hard, really meaning it—not just bluffing, the way Bud had been. All the anger that had been in him all evening came bursting out now, came bursting out against this bully who would hit a man while he had his hands in his pockets, who had insulted his car, who had attacked his brother. All the furious blows that were going to be struck at Glen were struck, instead, for Glen, and Paul was surprised to find that it felt just as good.

Actually, it wasn't much of a fight. Paul kept hammering away at Bud and trying—not always successfully—to duck the blows that Bud was throwing at him; Glen concentrated on Lester. Paul could not take the time to turn around and see how he was making out, but once he heard Glen make a noise that was almost like a laugh, and heard him say, "That's showing 'em, kid!"

Paul was not so sure. He had already discovered that Bud had a very hard jaw and very long arms. He kept on swinging at him anyway; there was a release and almost a pleasure in the fighting. He did not know how long he could keep it up, but he knew that he would fight as long as his feet were under him.

HE DID not have to hold out long. The policeman's whistle cut sharply through all the other noises, and Bud and Lester suddenly turned into statues. They could hear the policeman running between the rows of parked cars, trying to figure out where they were. Bud and Lester were standing and looking at each other; Paul saw Bud's head move in a quick, imperious gesture, and then the two of them turned and walked away. After a minute they heard a car start.

Glen grinned at Paul. "I guess they don't like cops much," he said.

The policeman's flashlight picked them out suddenly, blinding them, blocking out the moonlight. He said, "Hey, you two, what's going on here? Are you the guys that was fighting?"

"Fighting?" Glen said, in mock surprise. "Why, what would we be fighting about? We're brothers."

"Oh, yeah? Well, if you wasn't

fighting, what was all the noise about?"

"I was showing him a new dance step," Glen said.

"Show it to him inside," the cop said disgustedly. "Come on, get moving." He moved away between the rows of cars, flashing his light into them as he went.

Glen took a comb out of his pocket and, using the window of a parked car for a mirror, started to comb his hair. Paul watched him, considering. He had come here to paste Glen, and now would be a good time to do it. This was just the way he had planned for things to be—himself and Glen alone out here. But the knuckles of his right hand were already reminding him that he had been doing quite a bit of pasting that evening. And anyway, somehow he didn't care so much about it any more. It would be silly to rescue Glen from being walloped by Bud Tait, and then turn right around and wallop him himself.

That was something to think about, all right. Glen was the older, but it was he, Paul, who had done the best fighting.

"Don't be all night," he said. "And let me have the comb when you're through."

Glen handed it to him in silence, and Paul moved closer to the window of the car. In the moonlight he could see himself pretty well. His lip was swelling a little, and one eye looked very odd, but except for that he looked all right.

"You know," Glen said softly, to his back. "I'm sorry about tonight, kid. It was a dirty trick."

"It stank," Paul said. He was surprised that he was able to say it so calmly; usually, if he and Glen tried to talk something over, he got excited right away. He was always so sure he was going to get the worst of things that he flew off the handle. But tonight he felt perfectly calm about it; Glen was in the wrong, they both knew it, and that was that. "It stank," he said again. "You're a first-class heel."

"I'm sorry," Glen said again. He moved away a foot or two; he swung back, his hands in his pockets, nudging a piece of gravel with his toe as though it were something that had to be done exactly right. "I didn't plan it, you know," he said. "Only my date let me down, I didn't know about it till this afternoon—and I didn't want to go stag." He moved the piece of gravel, with great care, about a quarter of an inch. "You feel sort of out of things, once you're away," he said.

PAUL hadn't ever thought of it that way. It was supposed to be so wonderful to get away to college; he hadn't ever thought that you might feel strange when you came back. He'd been thinking all along that Glen had the edge over him, being a year older and in college, and as a matter of fact it was just the opposite. This was his place, and his dance, and his night, and Glen why, Glen was an outsider. Glen was—Paul stopped combing his hair in his astonishment—Glen was actually jealous.

"I knew I couldn't get a date this late," Glen said, "and I just stopped in to see Sibby, and—well, I don't know. It just seemed like a good idea at the time."

"It was a stinking trick," Paul said flatly. He handed the comb back to Glen and concentrated on straightening his tie. "But it's not going to spoil my evening. Come on, let's go in."

Glen smoothed his hair down and fingered his tie. "That fight didn't make either of us look any better," he said. "Look. I don't have to go, you know. I'm all messed up and everything—I don't have to go. I'll just go

home, and you go in and tell Sibby—tell her I fell down a well, and she's your date now."

Paul looked at him in astonishment. Glen did not look back; he kept on staring at himself in the window of the car, pulling at his tie with nervous fingers. Paul was surprised by what he knew, just as he had been surprised a minute before to realize that Glen was jealous. He knew that Glen really was willing to go home and let him have Sibby, partly to make up for what he had done and partly because he was really nervous and embarrassed about the way he looked. It made Paul feel kind of sorry for him, and, in a way, almost protective, the way he had felt when he had realized that it was he who had done the best fighting. He remembered how Glen had sounded when he was pulling his act of being superior and amused on Bud Tait, and not getting away with it. An awful lot of Glen was bluff, but it took a while to realize it.

"Nuts," Paul said. "You look all right. Come on, let's go in."

HE KNEW as soon as he stepped through the door that word of the fight had spread. They got a greeting from almost everybody in the hall, and almost everybody gave them the same sort of secret, knowing smile. Everybody, before the evening was over, was going to want to hear all about it. They were the big news tonight.

Sibby was standing near the door. She looked excited, and pleased, and suddenly Paul knew why. News of the fight had come in all garbled, of course. And she thought that he and Glen had been fighting about her.

Well, if things had worked out the way he had planned, they would have been. And the funny thing was that he hadn't even been thinking about her. It had been something between him and Glen; it had nothing to do with her.

She came running over as soon as she saw them. She said, "Paul, darling, what an awful mistake! I thought you weren't even coming. I thought you'd forgotten all about me—Glen, isn't this awful? Isn't this a mess?"

She took a hand of each of them and stood between them; she turned her violet eyes from one to the other, looking contrite and appealing and perfectly beautiful. But there was something just a little bit phony about the act; there was something Paul didn't like.

"I guess we'll manage to survive," he said, smiling down at her. She looked gorgeous, all right. But he was startled to see that the catty girl had been right about the trips to Springfield being good for her hair; surely it had never been this gold before. And right down the middle, at the part, almost invisible but not quite, there was the tiny tell-tale line of brown.

It occurred to him that she wasn't much of a girl, breaking a date at the last minute like that, putting on this phony act about how sorry she was. Not much of a girl at all, in spite of her looks. Certainly not worth fighting with your brother about.

He glanced around the room, seeing the girls he knew dancing by. They all looked pretty; even the plain ones looked pretty, fixed up the way they were. And they all gave him that little knowing smile as they went by—each one of them hoping that he would cut in on her, hoping that she would get a chance to ask him about the fight.

You could have a fine good time going stag, any night. And tonight was his night.

He looked back at Glen, and his grin was triumphant. "Go on," he said. "You dance with her. You brought her." ★

VET CRAWLS ON CRACKING ICE, SAVES GIRL FROM DROWNING

House-painter Oscar Cyr, of Eastview, Ont., uses courage and haversack straps to save child from drowning in Rideau River



1. Riding home in a bus near Ottawa, Canadian Army veteran Oscar Cyr was startled to see a child floundering in a large hole in the ice of the nearby Rideau River. Ordering the bus to stop, Cyr raced to the shore and began running out on the ice towards the almost frozen little girl.



2. The ice started to crack under him and Cyr was forced to crawl the rest of the way. Under his arm was his army haversack — now used for carrying brushes. The 9-year old girl remained calm as Cyr flipped the haversack straps to her. Her little hands, numb with cold, finally managed to grip the straps!



3. Cyr began to pull the youngster out . . . but it was difficult to get traction on the ice. Another man came out and grabbed Cyr's heels. Cyr then grasped the child's wrist and soon all were safe ashore. We are proud to pay tribute to gallant Oscar Cyr through the presentation of *The Dow Award*.



THE DOW AWARD is a citation presented for acts of outstanding heroism and includes, as a tangible expression of appreciation, a \$100 Canada Savings Bond. The Dow Award Committee, a group of editors of leading Canadian daily newspapers, selects Award winners from recommendations made by a nationally known news organization.

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Two Billions Call Him Doctor

Continued from page 21

morality—society's rigid concept of right and wrong—brought loud demands for his dismissal from the post he then held as Canada's deputy minister of health.

Before that again, while director of Army Medical Services, Major-General Chisholm declared that mothers were interfering with the Army's attempts to turn their sons into soldiers, causing a fuss which wasn't settled until the Minister of Defense had paid a warm tribute to motherhood in Parliament. And this in turn was motivated by the same beliefs which had earlier prompted him to invite friends and patients to his Oakville home to discuss religion, marriage, sex and children—goings on which inspired a local parson to warn darkly against people meddling in realms of which they knew not.

In spite of his facility for becoming the centre of controversy George Brock Chisholm is highly regarded in such varied but highly proper fields as psychiatry, soldiering and diplomacy. He was the first psychiatrist ever to head the medical services of any army. He has been signally honored in the United States where he won the Lasker Award for outstanding contributions to veterans' rehabilitation and where he delivered the William Alanson White memorial lecture on the psychiatry of enduring peace. He was the only serious contender for the world's top health job when WHO was organized, and he was elected 46-2 by the participating nations.

The director of a big New York medical foundation describes him as "a true citizen of the world"; and Dr. Clarence Hincks, director of Canada's National Committee for Mental Hygiene, and a frank Chisholm worshipper from away back, discards all adjectives as inadequate except "genius."

Yet one leading Canadian psychologist calls much of Chisholm's preachings nonsense; while an admirer of health department days in Ottawa came to the regretful opinion of the man as a humorless zealot who believes children should be taught to question everything except the teachings of Dr. Brock Chisholm. If so, this hasn't prevented daughter Anne Chisholm, a charming and popular co-ed now in first year at McGill University, from remaining true to parental training and refusing to accept either her father's or anyone else's teachings as the last word in human wisdom.

He Dubbed The Bomb Obsolete

There are many contradictions within Chisholm himself.

He hails from one of those fine old Canadian families whose sons invariably become the colonel of the regiment (in this case the Lorne Scots); but instead of landed gentry his own father was a coal dealer.

George Brock is an old soldier himself, having risen from private to captain in three fighting years in World War I and remained a faithful militia man between wars; but General Chisholm today believes that armies are useless.

A military stickler he insisted that medical officers at GHQ wear their flat hats flat, not rakish; yet he once plotted with a junior officer to sell a new idea to a brass hat while the brass hat was in a cocktail glow.

He was shocked to his professional core when one of his WHO aides appealed dramatically to New York's

Mayor O'Dwyer to release from city hospitals 3,000 hypodermic needles required to fight cholera in Egypt—needles which could have been secured from commercial sources but without making front-page news. Then the director himself shook WHO's public relations men when he innocently dropped his germ warfare bomb and told the world's warriors their atom bombs were obsolete.

And, while he is still probably best known for "attacking" Santa Claus, he had never failed to hang up his own stocking in the family row until Christmas 1948, which they spent in a hotel suite. (Sixteen-year-old son Sandy was away skiing and, besides, there was no chimney.)

The Dr. Brock Chisholm who breathes scientific hell-fire and brimstone proves in person to have all the ferocity of a well-mannered mouse. His appearance represents the ultimate in professional sobriety. His five-foot-seven, 160-pound figure he clothes in neat, dark business suits. His voice, answering a telephone, always sounds as if its owner feels sure you must really want someone else. Yet once convinced he becomes instantly friendly, talks quickly, easily and sincerely. He can sit and chat for two hours without resorting to doodling, fidgeting or any other mannerism except for a quick smile which he manages mostly with his eyes. Even these are a bland blue and his mustache is so unobtrusively neat that he must trim it with some kind of precision instrument.

Iron Lungs by Air to India

Pumping away at the portable organ which the Chisholms have carted half-way round the world with them, surrounded by an international assortment of close harmonizers from WHO, the doctor's sense of fun and games comes through. This often inspires him to organize a mouth organ band, equipping the impromptu musicians from his private stock of some 20 big and little harmonicas.

Adjusting his thirst to the occasion he is noted both for nursing a single drink all evening while seeming to be the life of the party, and for downing an apparently endless succession of highballs without betraying more than an even kindlier-than-usual attitude toward his fellow man.

A friend has described him as "one of those rare people, a man who seems to be completely at home with himself." Perhaps it is this quality that inspires in associates a quietly confident feeling that all obstacles to progress must in time give way before the reasoning attack of a mature mind. Whatever his secret, he has built up an amazing loyalty among those who have worked with him wherever he has gone.

Chisholm directs the World Health Organization from an airy, walnut-paneled office in the Palais des Nations, old home of the League of Nations in Geneva, Switzerland. The long-empty filing cabinets which line the walls are quickly filling with progress reports on WHO's constantly expanding global activities.

Now supported by 62 of the United Nations, Chisholm's WHO, in its less than four years of activity, has: Killed a cholera epidemic in Egypt. Almost wiped out malaria in Greece and Sardinia, in large sections of which the disease once struck 80% of the people annually. Ringed the world with a daily, short-wave epidemic-warning service, so ships at sea and port quarantine officials may know instantly when smallpox, cholera and plague break out anywhere on earth. Dis-

Continued on page 47



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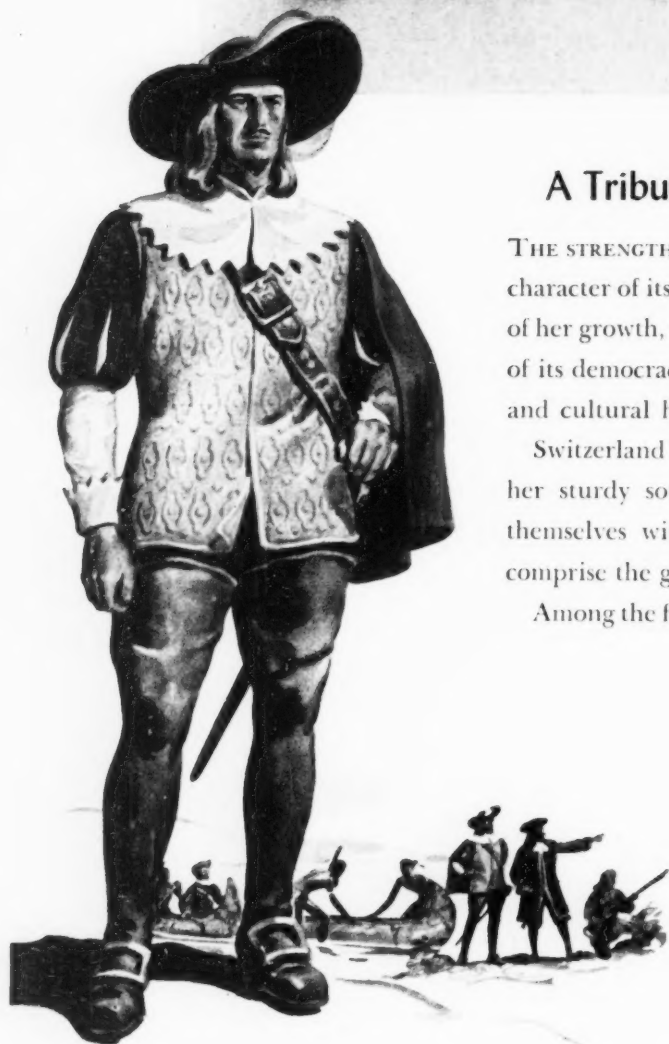
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Calvert, founder of Canada's first colony at Newfoundland in 1622, was head of the famous Calvert family. Calvert's ideals of democracy, ideals which were perpetuated by his descendants, helped set the pattern for the freedom we now enjoy.

Continued from page 45

patched TB X-ray crews to China; air-shipped iron lungs to India; trained native nurses for Ethiopia; sent American doctors to study VD control methods in Europe. Launched two long-term projects to standardize names, descriptions and strengths of all drugs throughout the world.

Chisholm's medical and sanitation squad numbers fewer than 400, and has little more than \$8 millions a year with which to pursue its ambitious goal of good health for all the world's 2,350,866,000 people.

Thus it was Egypt's own alert public health workers who stopped the cholera in its tracks; but without WHO's speedy rounding up of 6 million cubic centimetres of anticholera vaccine from 13 countries the cholera might have ravaged the Mediterranean. It was Greek pilots who air-sprayed 700,000 marshy acres with DDT to wipe out malaria-bearing mosquitoes, but it was WHO that found the planes and showed them how. The League of Nations launched the epidemic-warning service but WHO has so stepped it up that airlines as well as ships are now detoured by disease-ridden territory.

So, by acting as global consultants and co-ordinators and as a clearing house for medical knowledge, WHO's roving emissaries spread their numbers and their dollars around the earth in a way to multiply the net results a thousand times.

From his swivel chair in the big office overlooking Lake Geneva Chisholm commands this multifronted war against disease. Citing Napoleon's rule of "having no more than six men reporting to him," he lets his key staffers deal with WHO's member nations in routine matters while he directs the staffers. Even these comprise an international caucus, with a Scot, a Swiss, an Englishman and a Norwegian in his high command.

Chisholm is paid \$18,000 a year tax free plus expenses of \$6,500. He reaches his office at 8.30 sharp, has his in-basket cleared within 10 minutes. He delights his secretarial staff by never being late for appointments, never delaying action on a memo or document more than 15 minutes, never acting hurried or impatient—"yet he works faster than anyone we've ever seen." He startles Genevans, who recall the dignity of League executives, by lunching in the employees' cafeteria.

The Doctor Is a Diplomat

To the director's desk from Germany comes a report of a new process for shipping insulin-yielding pancreas glands without refrigeration. From Palestine a trouble-flash tells how WHO's \$50,000 program to provide sanitary facilities in Arab refugee camps is being sabotaged by unappreciative nomads using newly built privies for firewood. A Greek doctor working for WHO in Addis Ababa reports that two young Ethiopians have qualified for medical training.

Chisholm calls his department heads into conference. The Geneva report will be dispatched to all insulin-short nations. A "privies-for-health" campaign will be launched in Arab refugee camps. Scholarship money from WHO's funds will send the Ethiopian youths to medical school in Europe. And action on all these matters will be launched the same day.

It is in the periodic sessions of WHO's 18-man executive board, elected from among the delegates of member states, that Brock Chisholm's notable talents for diplomacy come into play. A World Health Assembly is held each year which all 62 delegations attend,

but it's at the more frequent executive board meetings that the real hard work goes on. For these 18 men are supposed to confer not in the interests of their individual countries but as policy directors for a world-wide agency.

"All 18 come well briefed as to what their 18 nations want done," says a man who has seen it happen, "but when this becomes evident Brock shrugs his shoulders, looks from man to man and says in that reasonable way of his, 'Now gentlemen, after all—' Immediately they all start acting like disin-

terested citizens of the world—then catch hell when they go home."

The director keeps a calendar on his desk which charts the time he spends roving his world medical beat. In half a year he put in just a month and a half in Geneva. In one recent five-week period he spent one week in Czechoslovakia, 10 days in Geneva, three in Rio de Janeiro, three in Sao Paulo, one in Bolivia, one week each in Peru and New York. Periodically he must also visit WHO's regional offices in Alexandria, New Delhi and

Washington. Chisholm, now 53, seems to arrive back from each flying trip as fresh as he started.

Leaving his office at 5 or later Brock Chisholm drives home around Lake Geneva in the car he took over from Canada (he doesn't use the limousine and chauffeur at his disposal) to the 100-year-old white stone house the Chisholms purchased last year, set on the steep slope of an abandoned vineyard overlooking the lake. Here he is greeted by his wife, the former Grace Ryrie (of the Toronto Birks-

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best for ANY lighter!



Ellis-Ryrie Ryries) who, with the aid of a cook and a maid, is probably finishing preparations for a dinner party of up to 10 international visitors or a cocktail party for 100.

Entertaining is no small part of the director-general's job and Grace Chisholm's specialty is the old-fashioned Sunday evening buffet or pass-around supper, a Canadian institution which she has developed into a highly successful weapon of international diplomacy. She holds her buffets on weekdays (the Chisholms try to keep their week ends strictly for family relaxation) and finds that without extra help she can thus play hostess to 30 guests at a time. Dignified gentlemen who turn up in striped pants, burnouses or other formal regalia are amazed to be handed a plate and a fork and told to dig in.

"Do you know where I ate my supper?" exclaimed one European diplomat to a friend on WHO's Geneva staff. "On the floor! And do you know who was sitting beside me? Mrs. Chisholm!"

A Charter for a Utopia

These happy icebreakers are never considered entirely successful until Brock Chisholm's harmonium makes its appearance. This is a small pump organ which the Chisholms bought secondhand when the doctor was Toronto's first practicing psychoanalyst.

"He'd come home from the office muttering that everybody he'd seen all day had broken down and cried," recalls his wife, "then march straight to the nursery where we kept the harmonium and blast out with 'Onward Christian Soldiers.'"

The organ played a central part in Chisholm's activities in Ottawa, where an appreciative streetcar motorman once stopped his trolley outside the general's Rockcliffe home to hear the Chisholm army glee club render "Yield Not to Temptation."

Mrs. Chisholm enjoys the singsongs as much as anyone but always has to make certain her guests don't depart still singing and leave her stuck with the organ in the middle of the living room floor. The Ottawa choristers were always more than co-operative about returning the organ to its upstairs hideaway, and as one of the first Geneva singsongs broke up Mrs. Chisholm asked three of her guests, "Would you gentlemen mind carrying the harmonium upstairs?"

The three diplomatic types hailed from three continents, were of three different complexions, and were clearly taken aback at the request. But they manfully put their well-tailored shoulders to the harmonium and tugged and hauled and sweated it up the stairs.

Whether presiding at a harmonium in Geneva or a conference in New Delhi Chisholm's close attention is seldom far removed from the real goal of the World Health Organization—a goal that goes far beyond the physical problems of controlling man's more obvious enemies, such as plague, cholera or malnutrition.

The WHO constitution has been hailed as revolutionary because it defines health as "a state of complete physical, mental and social well-being and not merely the absence of disease or infirmity"; because it declares such a state of health to be one of the fundamental rights of every human being; and because it recognizes that "the health of all peoples is fundamental to the attainment of peace and security."

The UN's health agency might never have raised its sights so high had not the Canadian psychiatrist been invited as one of 16 internationally known

experts to draft the constitution, and had Canada not subsequently sent her then deputy minister of health as a delegate to the first International Health Conference in June 1946 in New York City, at which he helped hammer the health charter through to adoption.

"The rest of us were all talking about a text—he was talking about what it would mean to the world," says Dr. Frank Boudreau, one of the American delegates.

In fact, from the Chisholm viewpoint, UN itself can be expected to do no more than fight a courageous delaying action until the aims of the world health charter can be achieved, until mankind is ready for peace. Says Chisholm, the only real enemy man has left on earth is man himself.

Brock Chisholm didn't begin to learn this lesson until he was 18. Before that he was busy imbibing the qualities of responsibility and independence in the Chisholm family tradition. Great-great-grandfather had founded the town of Oakville, 20 miles west of Toronto on Lake Ontario; great-grandfather fought with General Brock at Queenston; while father Frank Chisholm bought a wig in his futile efforts to go active in 1914, and gave most of the fuel in his coalyard away to deserving townsmen.

Brock remembers being given a dime for a Sunday-school picnic as a youngster, but after that he was on his own. He and older brother Jim printed dodgers on a hand press, bottled and sold a crop of wild horse-radish. From 12 on Brock earned enough to buy his own clothes.

They Called Him Little Nemo

It was when he enlisted in 1915 and found himself putting the same drunken bunkmates to bed night after night that he began to get interested in why people act as they do. He bought books on human behavior but found little time for them once he got to France. Here General Brock's namesake acquired a reputation for surviving the most hazardous forays. His snow-camouflage coveralls earned him the nickname of Little Nemo (it still clings) after a pyjamaed youngster in an early comic strip.

Upon discharge in 1919 Nemo and brother Jim refitted an abandoned schooner in which they spent a summer hauling coal 220 miles down Lake Ontario from Oswego, N.Y., for their father. They Tom Sawyered white-collar friends into crewing the ship for fun, and by fall Brock had the down payment on a medical course at University of Toronto.

"I was extremely emotional all through Varsity," psychiatrist Chisholm recalls. "It was the shock of all I experienced during the war, coming on top of a narrow Presbyterian upbringing. I didn't get straightened out until later when I was psychoanalyzed as part of my studies in London."

"We have swallowed all manner of poisonous certainties," Brock Chisholm has written, "fed us by our parents, our Sunday- and day-school teachers, our politicians, our priests, our newspapers and others with a vested interest in controlling us."

To London with young Dr. Chisholm on borrowed money went his bride. He studied obstetrics and other traditional specialties by day, psychiatry by night. The Chisholms fondly recall how they splurged two shillings for their first wedding anniversary dinner in a Chinese restaurant and mistakenly ordered what proved to be two large bowls of steamed almonds. "My jaws still ache," says Brock.

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Oakville convinced him that half his patients were really suffering from emotional problems. After two years of advanced psychiatric training he set up as a psychoanalyst in Toronto. Here established colleagues kidded him about his "new religion" when he talked about studying the whole man (today it's recognized as psychosomatic medicine) and declared with Freud that man's behavior is unconsciously influenced by the forgotten experiences of earliest childhood.

Chisholm did some fine work treating broken minds (he spent a month in a northern cabin helping one patient wrestle the devil Freudian style), but trying to restore all the broken minds in the world seemed to him a hopeless task for psychiatry.

"You can only cure retail, but you can prevent wholesale," he decided.

It was in this mood he devised emotional stability tests for Army recruits, to avoid subjecting unstable minds to front-line strains. He put social workers in uniforms to handle domestic problems for fighting men on distant fronts and ease their worries.

Major-General Chisholm was appointed deputy minister of health in November 1944, his spark-plugging of a broad new federal program was almost lost in the storm which arose in the fall of 1945 over his William Alanson White memorial lecture in Washington (MORALITY CAUSE OF WARS: CHISHOLM... CHURCHMEN INDIGNANTLY DISAGREE); and his later elaborations on the same theme before various Ottawa groups (BELIEVE IN SANTA—ULCERS AT 40).

"Brock couldn't see that if he'd just stop repeating that speech for a while the fuss would die down and in the long run he might have accomplished a lot more," says a colleague who sympathized with much of Chisholm's view.

The Chisholms were met with fatu-

ous witticisms about Santa Claus at every social gathering, and on Christmas Day 1945 the doctor was called to the telephone by an infuriated parent whose disillusioned brood could be heard wailing loudly in the immediate background.

Demands for the deputy minister's dismissal grew louder, particularly in Quebec, but in July 1946 Chisholm was elected to the top job in the new World Health Organization. Ottawa relaxed and Chisholm trained his sights on the health problems of men everywhere.

Compressed to its essentials the controversial Chisholm doctrine runs something like this: Man has always managed to get himself into another war every 15 or 20 years and recently he has so improved his killing power that in the next war he may wipe himself out. Wars are the product of faulty human behavior and the way we behave stems from the way we have been brought up.

Chisholm denounces morality as the disastrous fault common to all societies and civilizations. Instead of bringing our children up according to our own preconceived rules of "good" and "bad" (despite which we have stumbled into two world wars in one generation) we must teach them to question everything, he says. "Tell your child you believe in God, point out that some people don't; let him enjoy a fanciful Santa Claus but don't give him a literal belief in a chimney-climbing gnome or you'll subject him to inevitable disillusionment."

Give your child unquestioning love until he is four years old Chisholm advises, tell him the simple truth about everything, encourage him to think things out for himself, and you will set him upon the path to maturity. And not until we have enough mature persons to represent us in the United Nations—and enough more at home to back them up—can we hope to avoid self-annihilation. ★

"When That Great Ship Went Down"

Continued from page 19

"banal hotel luxury" a veranda café, a French restaurant, swimming pool, Turkish baths, palm court and squash racket court, but not nearly enough lifeboats.

An ominous event marked the Titanic's departure from Southampton the afternoon of Wednesday, April 10 for New York where she was due the following Wednesday morning.

"As we passed the steamer New York," Dick recalls, "the suction created by the Titanic drew her away from her berth. The New York's mooring lines snapped and whipped down among the crowd that had gathered on the pier to watch the Titanic sail. The New York veered just in time to avert a collision."

Dick and his wife struck up a shipboard friendship with Thomas Andrews, the man who had been in charge of construction of the giant liner. "He showed us all over the ship," says Dick, "explaining the fine points of her design and her various safety devices. I remember him showing us the watertight doors and saying, 'See, you're safe on this ship.' I believed him. He, poor devil, went down with his ship."

Sunday, April 14, was as uneventful as the previous days of the voyage. The temperature dropped sharply but the day was clear. Church services were held throughout the ship and, in

the evening, the second-class passenger gathered for hymns and sang:

"Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee

For those in peril on the sea."

Warnings of icebergs on the steamer track were crackling all day and evening on the Titanic's wireless. In all, there were six warnings. The first came at 9 a.m. from the Caronia. The sixth and last came at 11.30 p.m., 10 minutes before the collision, when, for a third time, the Leyland liner Californian, which was to play such a tragic part in the disaster, began talking to the Titanic and was told to shut up. "Say, old man, we're stuck here, surrounded by ice," the Californian radioed. Curtly, the Titanic replied, "Shut up, shut up; keep out. I am talking to Cape Race. You are jamming my signals."

"Iceberg! Dead Ahead!"

After a gay dinner in the Jacobean dining room, Vera and Albert Dick took a turn on deck. It was a bitter night but the sea was calm and the sky clear. They retired about 11 p.m. and were reading in bed.

High in the crow's nest, Frederick Fleet and his partner were keeping a sharp lookout for ice. Far below begrimed and sweating stokers fed coal into the Titanic's voracious boilers. At unslackened speed, making 23 knots, the great ship plowed on to her doom.

Suddenly, at 11.40, lookout Frederick Fleet saw the iceberg come towering out of the night. Instantly he struck three bells, the warning signal for something dead ahead. He phoned the bridge, "Iceberg! Dead ahead!"



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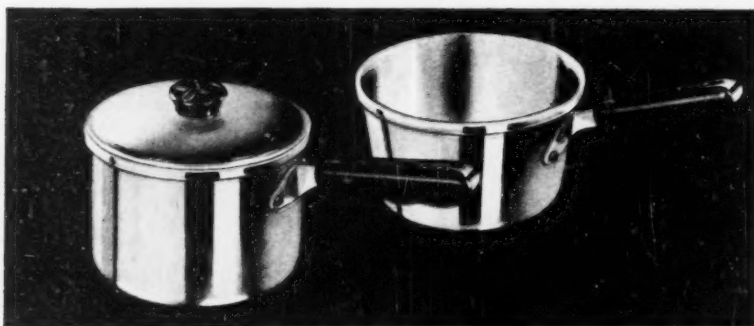
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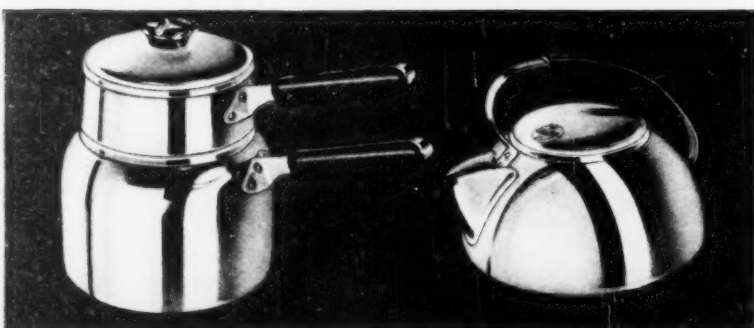
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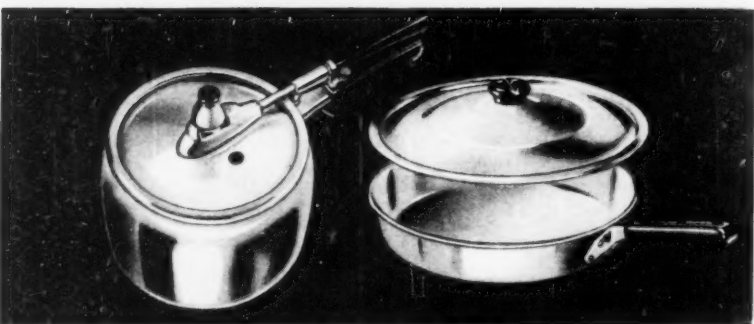
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Frantically, First Officer Murdoch, in charge of the watch, gave orders to the helmsman and the engine room. But it was too late. The Titanic shuddered, there was a brief scraping and a slight list to port. Slowly she stopped.

Captain Smith rushed to the bridge. "What has she struck?" he demanded of Murdoch.

"An iceberg, sir," the officer replied. "I hard-a-starboarded and reversed the engines and I was going to hard-a-port around it, but she was too close. I could not do any more. I have closed the watertight doors."

In the Dick's cabin the collision sounded like a thunderclap. "What's that! My God, we've struck a rock," Mrs. Dick exclaimed. Dick was less excited and wasn't even anxious to go on deck to find out what had happened. "What's the use of getting up?" he asked his wife. But, finally, they did get up and in a corridor they joined a group of passengers. "We've hit an iceberg," they were told.

They headed for the grand staircase where they saw Captain Smith and Andrews, the ship's builder, dash up the stairs. Dick grabbed his wife by the hand and they rushed out on deck.

"There was no panic," Dick recalls. "Andrews had a megaphone and he began to address the passengers. I remember his words. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'there is no need of panic. Go back to your staterooms and put on your lifebelts and warm clothing. Be as quick as you can.'"

Dick and his wife obeyed. "When we got back up on the boat deck they were lowering the first boat," says Dick. "There was no excitement. People were still more curious than excited."

The passengers still had implicit faith in the unsinkable ship. Their confidence wasn't shared by the officers. When Ismay hurried to the bridge in his dressing gown and asked Captain Smith, "Do you think she is seriously damaged?" the captain had replied, "I'm afraid she is."

By 12.20 the seamen's and crewmen's quarters were flooded. Captain Smith had ordered First Wireless Officer Jack Philips to send the distress signal, CQD. It was picked up by Cape Race and two steamships, LaProvence and Mt. Temple. Fourth Officer Boxhall feverishly worked out the ship's position and handed it to Philips, who at 12.25 sent out a new appeal for help.

"Have struck an iceberg, badly damaged; rush aid," Philips radioed. The Cunard liner Carpathia replied and Philips messaged, "It's a CQD, old man. Position 41-46 N.; 50-14 W."

Ragtime and Tragedy

Captain Arthur Rostron, master of the Carpathia, was incredulous when he was roused by his radio officer and told of the Titanic's plight. "Are you absolutely certain?" he asked. "Yes, sir," the officer replied. Rostron gave the order, "North 52 West," and the Carpathia, under forced draught and with extra black gangs in the fireroom, increased her normal 14 knots to over 17. She had a 58-mile gap to close. In the Titanic's Marconi cabin, Philips heard from the Carpathia, "Coming hard." He kept sending the CQD distress call and the newly adopted SOS.

But the nearest ship, the Californian, did not hear. Her lone wireless operator had gone off duty 15 minutes before Philips sent the first CQD!

On the boat deck the passengers were still reluctant to leave. Men began to coax their women to go. "Get in, Mrs. Dick, we'll be back for breakfast," an officer urged.

"I was scared to death to let her

go in that boat," Dick recalls now. "It seemed she'd be much safer on the Titanic. She decided not to go and we wandered along from one boat to another."

By this time the ship's band had struck up "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Rockets were fired into the air. Officers had to shout to be heard above the hissing roar as the Titanic's boilers let off steam. On the bridge an officer tried to signal the Californian with a Morse lamp. As some of the Titanic's boats began to row toward her lights, the Californian steamed off. The boats were still being lowered half empty. One left with only 28 people, though it could carry 65.

"We were standing by the edge of a life boat when an officer began to push my wife into it," says Dick. "I kissed her good-by but she still clung to my hand. The officer was calling for more women. Then he shouted, 'My God, are there no more women!' He put his hand on my shoulder and pushed me into the boat."

By 1.20 a.m. the Titanic's screws began to lift out of the water and, at last, the passengers' faith in the unsinkable ship was shattered. Several times there was a rush for the boats, but officers fired warning shots from their revolvers and the panic subsided.

The Vast Moan of Death

Impeccably dressed in evening clothes, Benjamin Guggenheim remarked to a friend, "We are dressed up in our best and are prepared to go down like gentlemen." Col. Astor put his bride into a boat, stepped back and said, "Good-by, dear, I'll join you later." A morgue ship later found him floating upright in his lifebelt. He had \$2,500 in his pockets.

Mrs. Straus was about to clamber into a boat but changed her mind. "We have been together many years. Where you go, I go," she told her husband. An officer spoke to H. B. Harris as he and Mrs. Harris approached a boat, arm in arm, "Ladies first, please." "Of course, certainly, ladies first," Harris smiled, and, bowing, he stepped back. A woman tried to take her Great Dane dog into a boat; refused, she stayed behind with the dog. The athletic instructor and three other men whiled away their last minutes in the gymnasium. A couple of them rode bicycles while another swung at a punching bag.

The last boat to leave the Titanic was lowered over the side at 2.45. There were then 18 boats in the water with about 600 persons aboard. There were still about 1,600 on the stricken ship. The bandmaster knew the end was near and switched from ragtime to the hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee."

Philips had sent his last message: "Come quick, our engine room flooded up to the boilers." Captain Smith had appeared on deck and spoken to a group of officers and men, "Men, you have done your duty. You can do no more. Now it is every man for himself. I trust help will soon appear. If it doesn't, may God help all of us." He returned to the bridge where his valet awaited him. As a wave broke over the bridge, he stepped forward into the sea. He was never seen again.

The ship had only minutes to live. Its stern pointed toward the heavens and was quickly rising to the perpendicular. Passengers got down on the slanting decks to pray and a few sang as the band played its last hymn, "Autumn." Men and women began to leap into the sea.

Lashed to the top of the officer's quarters were two collapsible rafting boats, each capable of holding 12

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Quiet AS A '50 FORD



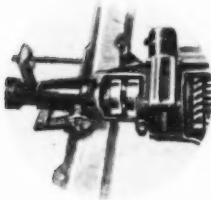
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HOW BIG WAS THE TITANIC?

The Titanic was, in her time, the world's largest ship. Here is how she compares with the Queen Elizabeth, today's leviathan:

	TITANIC	ELIZABETH
Length	882 feet	1,031 feet
Breadth	92 feet	118 feet
Gross tonnage	46,328	83,673
Passenger Accom.	2,566*	2,314
Crew	945**	1,200
Lifeboat cap.	1,178	3,770

*The Titanic carried 1,316 passengers on her maiden voyage. **She carried 885 crew. Total number of persons on board: 2,201. Of these 1,490 perished; 711 were saved.

Continued from page 50
persons. Second Officer Harold Lightholler and two other men struggled to get them free. They got one over the side but when it hit the water it capsized. Lightholler managed to free the second one, just as the water reached him and washed him away.

At 2.17 the lights failed. The ship had climbed to a 50-degree angle and there was a great roaring noise as her engines broke loose from their blocks and went crashing through steel bulkheads. The forward funnel snapped off and crashed into the sea, smashing the life out of freezing swimmers.

At last the unsinkable ship rose to the perpendicular and then slowly slid to the depths. Then came the most terrifying moment of the disaster. From the hundreds of men, women and children in the icy waters rose a haunting, harrowing moan that lasted for minutes. Those in the lifeboats were horrified.

Most of the boats that had room for survivors were too far away to help. The others, the last boats to leave, were so jam-packed that their officers dared not risk the lives of the living to save the dying.

The collapsible boat that Lightholler had freed just before being washed off the ship proved a haven for himself and about 30 others. John Collins, one of the Titanic's firemen who now lives in Toronto, lowered himself down a rope just before the Titanic sank and swam to the collapsible.

The boats were poorly manned. In some there were not enough men, and women in nightdress pitched in to help.

The Carpathia sighted a green light on No. 2 lifeboat at 2.40, only 20 minutes after the Titanic went down but it wasn't until she swung around broadside to the boats that the survivors saw her. Some cheered deliriously, some wept and others merely stared blankly at her.

It wasn't until 4.10 a.m. that the Carpathia picked up the first boat. The Dicks were among the last to go aboard.

It was on the Carpathia that the realization struck home to the survivors that there was no hope for the hundreds of missing wives, husbands and children. Women became hysterical.

Thirty thousand people jammed the streets leading to Pier 54 when the Carpathia steamed into New York with the 711 survivors on board. The Dicks brushed aside newspapermen and went straight to the Belmont Hotel. "We had friends in that night, people who had survived the sinking," says Dick, "and we exchanged stories of our experiences. When they were about to leave we discovered a newspaperman had been listening at the transom and had jotted every word down."

Fifteen days after the sinking a morgue ship arrived in Halifax with 190 bodies in coffins stored in her holds.

Her crew had buried another 108 at sea.

The U. S. Government launched an immediate investigation which turned out to be almost a farce. It was conducted by a Senator Smith who asked one officer of what material an iceberg is composed, and another if the watertight compartments were intended as a refuge for passengers.

The British Board of Trade enquiry under Lord Mersey was thorough and intelligent. It brought in a damning report. It declared the lookout inadequate and the liner's speed excessive in view of the many warnings of ice. Captain Smith was not directly blamed for the disaster but the report said he had made "a very grievous mistake." And the Californian was bitterly assailed.

There is a sequel to the sinking of the Titanic that intrigues Vera and Albert Dick. It is a mystery that may never be completely solved.

In Glasgow, shortly before sailing on the Titanic, the Dicks met and became friendly with H. J. Allison, a wealthy Montreal broker, and his wife. They were destined to meet again on the Titanic.

The Allison's maid escaped from the ship in the same lifeboat as Mr. and Mrs. Dick. She had clasped in her arms the Allison's 10-month-old baby, a boy named Travers. Mr. and Mrs. Allison and their three-year-old daughter, Lorraine, were lost.

But in 1941 the newspapers published the story of Mrs. Laurence Kramer, the wife of a Royal Oak, Mich., toolmaker, who claimed that she had just learned she was Lorraine Allison.

She discovered her true identity, she said, when she wrote to a man in England who she had always believed was her father. She had intended taking out American citizenship papers and, having assumed she was born in England, wrote asking for her birth certificate.

Her foster father wrote back: "I was standing on the deck of the Titanic after putting my wife and child in a lifeboat and a man came running up to me and pressed you into my arms and begged me to take care of you. He told me he was going to get his wife and your baby brother. As he left, he said his name was H. J. Allison and your name was Lorraine."

Mrs. Kramer says she does not know whether anyone believes her story. "I have proof enough for my own satisfaction," she says, "and that's all I care."

"I wonder," muses Albert Dick, "wonder if it's true."

*Oh it was sad, mighty sad,
It was sad when that great ship
went to the bottom.
All the husbands and wives, little
children lost their lives.
It was sad when that great ship
went down. ★*

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DOW
CANADA

She's Bossed 12,000 Brides

Continued from page 9

received their gifts of brilliant-studded bracelets with "ohs" and "ahs" of delight.

Miss Dreier took time off to expound to me a few theories on weddings. "I don't believe in undue extravagance, but I do think things should be arranged correctly. I mean, why have a big cake when a 16-pound cake will do just as well? Particularly when it has our special stand under it. Nobody eats it anyway. And besides, I always feel that what is not spent on the wedding is available to be spent in the home furnishings department."

These revelations were cut short by a frantic call from the bedroom for "Miss Dreier! Quick!" Miss Dreier rushed out. The bride's train had slipped out of its careful folds onto the floor. The expert rearranged the dress, glanced at her watch, and announced it was time to start for the church.

The doorbell rang, announcing the arrival of the three taxis and everyone lined up in the hallway.

In the first taxi went the bride's mother, a bit wet-eyed, the maid of honor and Miss Dreier's assistant. In the second went the two bridesmaids, anxiously recalling "Start with the right foot." In the third, went the bride, her father and Miss Dreier.

Miss Dreier carefully settled the bride into her seat and wrapped her wedding gown around her in such a way that it remained uncreased. "I'm such a fuss-budget about my brides" she apologized. (A second method approved by some counselors is to remove the dress from beneath the bride and spread it over the back of the seat. This, however, is sometimes chilly for a winter wedding.)

A Tip for the Township Cop

At the church the party rushed under the long marquee and down into the church basement, a cold and depressing place. The respective parents greeted each other, and then the bride repaired to the bathroom with Miss Dreier. The coats were put handy for a quick exit. Last-minute make-up was applied. The bridal party moved upstairs to stand in the lobby of the church.

At the centre aisle Miss Dreier pointed out in whispers to the ushers exactly where they were to stand. She made a last quick checkup on make-up, gowns, ring, license. Then she started each pair down the aisle at the right speed and distance. Watching critically as the bride approached the altar Miss D. murmured with vexation, "Wouldn't you know it? The flowers completely hide the bridesmaids. I must remember to tell the florist before tomorrow's weddings." Then, hustling outdoors, she delivered gratuity envelopes (previously prepared) to the commissionaire and the township policeman.

After the ceremony (the parson has to get along as best he can) Miss Dreier hurried the bride and groom down to their taxi, got in with them, and off to the King Edward Hotel. The time, 4 p.m.

At the side door of the hotel she hustled the pair through the lobby and up to the 17th floor. Quickly she had hats and coats checked in a special corner and had the bridal party lined up for more pictures. "Hurry and get out of them cutting the wedding cake," she urged, "before the guests get here."

She examined the ballroom, checked the catering, rearranged vases of flowers, and answered questions. (Should

I leave my gloves on or off in the reception line? Which door shall we show the guests through first? Where shall I stand?)

By the time the first guests appeared she had the reception line in place, and all signs of hurry and confusion had disappeared.

Since more than three dozen of the 400 wedding guests were former Dreier brides her status was more one of a guest than that of an employee. One guest, in fact, surged up and announced gaily "You know, Claire, you're due to become a grandma any day now." Miss Dreier pronounced herself suitably pleased.

"All the Happiness There Is"

After the formalities of the opening dance (posed suitably for the photographer) Miss Dreier and her assistant enjoyed a 20-minute rest. And I heard some more of the Dreier philosophy on brides and weddings. "The bride is the first consideration," she announced. "After she is satisfied as to her own gown then she chooses those of her bridesmaids as background. Flattering the bridesmaids is secondary to background." (This is a bit tough on the bridesmaids, since it is customary for the bridesmaid to pay for her own dress.) "Then the bride's mother should choose a color which blends with the bridesmaids' colors, and finally the groom's mother chooses her dress to match the bridesmaids' corsages."

At this point Miss Dreier looked at her watch and hurried back to the ballroom. The speeches went off according to custom and Miss Dreier's signals. (In a pinch she will also write the speeches.) Then she hurried the bride and groom to a hotel room to change into going-away clothes.

The couple were planning to drive to Hamilton for the night so Miss Dreier went to the kitchen and had a box lunch made up for them.

Everything ready, bags packed and locked, she called for porters, arranged for the luggage to be transferred to their car, and returned the couple to the ballroom so that the bride could throw her bouquet.

After the good-bys and cheers were over, Miss Dreier led her married couple down to their car, tucked them in it, wished them "Good luck and all the happiness there is," and finally returned to the ballroom (11:30 p.m.) for a bite to eat.

By 12:30 most of the guests had left, some of them carting away large armfuls of flowers and congratulating Miss Dreier on "another job well done." Another Dreier success was over.

Soon after 1 a.m. a taxi dropped Miss Dreier at her front door, more than nine hours since she left it.

With hours like these there is no such thing as the private life of Claire Dreier. But while other people might find this never-ending repetitious job tiresome she is happiest when planning and supervising weddings. In her spare time she even lectures women's clubs on proper etiquette and wedding manners.

The life dedicated to bigger and better weddings started about 50 years ago in Durand, Wis., where little Claire soon became the plague of the neighborhood selling magazine subscriptions door to door. When the Durand churches had a combined drive for funds adolescent Claire brought in more cash than all of the rest of the church memberships put together. It was obvious that selling was Claire Dreier's forte.

She went on to become program manager for the Chautauqua Lyceum circuit, then sales manager for Lewis E. Myers and Company, New York book-

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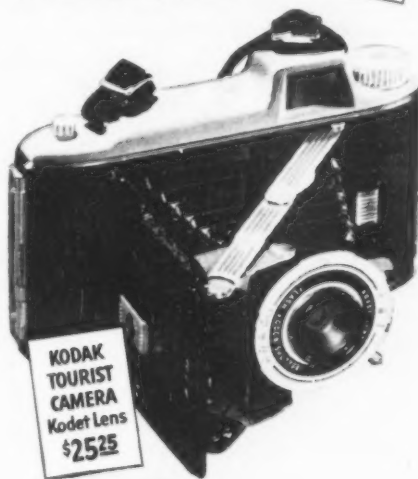
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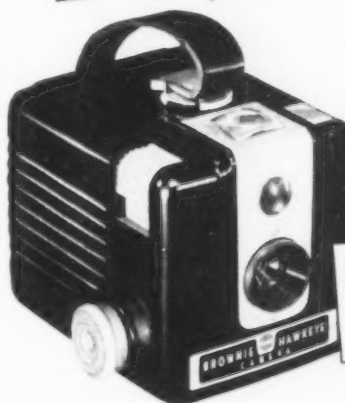
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sellers. For Myers she came on loan to the Toronto Eaton's with a consignment of supplies. The Myers outfit went broke soon after her arrival in Canada so she stayed on with Eaton's, first as a toy adviser.

After supervising the gift displays for a couple of large weddings for Eaton directors' offspring Claire Dreier was convinced that an organized department was needed to handle weddings. And on November 17, 1938, Eaton's Wedding Bureau was open for business.

Although Eaton's won't reveal their sales volume and profits, Carson Pirie Scott, the large Chicago department store, admits to more than 5,000 weddings a year handled by their wedding bureau, bringing in about \$10,405,000 in sales each year. Eaton's Toronto wedding bureau is considered one of the most outstanding on the continent with regard to volume and efficiency.

About 30 Canadian stores supply wedding information in some form or other, but none of them quite equals the Japanese store Mitsukochi which supplies the groom as well.

A Guest Pulled a Gun

How much more trouble supplying grooms would mean to the wedding expert is hard to say, but just supervising brides alone can cause headaches. Take the girl who decided to elope with another man on the morning of her wedding. When I asked Claire Dreier the obvious question, she answered casually, "Oh I locked her in her room. Of course, they're divorced now."

Wedding licenses sometimes go missing, rings vanish and attendants faint. Thanks to the instant co-operation of cab drivers, jewelers and her first-aid kit (which she always carries) Miss Dreier handles these crises with the ease of a seasoned lion tamer.

The most colorful wedding she recalls was not a Dreier-planned affair. Some years ago the daughter of Toronto's "King of the Gypsies" was to be married. An army of colorfully dressed gypsies invaded the dress department at Eaton's in search of a bridal gown.

Miss Dreier entered the crowded fitting room, took one look at the girl ("The most beautiful girl I have ever laid eyes on") and ordered out a \$90 New York number. The gypsy groom who had been watching the fittings with great interest said laconically, "That's it," and produced a thick roll of bills.

In appreciation they invited Miss Dreier to attend the church wedding at 9 o'clock the following morning. When Miss Dreier arrived sharp at 9 the place seemed deserted. Exploration, however, revealed a light shining

in the top floor of the Parish Hall. She investigated and found the bride and groom busy tying colored streamers to the ceiling lights. The groom wore only a pair of trousers, and the bride a blouse and skirt. The wedding dress was still in its box on the kitchen table.

Gradually guests began to drift in. Trestle tables were set up and covered with large sheets of brown wrapping paper. Floral designs of celery and radishes were arranged, and a centerpiece of suckling pig. Huge platters of steaming potatoes in their jackets were placed on the tables in a fruit-store-window pattern.

The "King," standing 6 ft 4 in., welcomed the guests. The groom struggled into a stiff shirt and collar, while the bride waited for the groom's parents to arrive before dressing. Miss Dreier asked where the bride's mother was. "In the kitchen where she belongs," answered the "King" in a surprised tone. He brought Miss Dreier a glass of corn whisky.

Soon the guests were digging into the food. "But," protested Miss Dreier thinking no doubt of the rigid formality of a Dreier wedding, "don't you wait for the bride?"

"What for?" asked the "King." "We eat when we're hungry."

Then he bowed formally to her, acclaimed her as "Honorary Queen of the Gypsies" for the wedding. The regular "Queen" remained at the stove.

Two guests livened things up arguing about dowries. One pulled a gun, the other a knife. The "King" shrugged it off as "a little business argument," and indeed the dispute was soon settled without bloodshed.

By the time the bride was dressed the groom had removed his collar. On his shirt were three neat rows of lipsticked mouths where his former girlfriends had hidden him a fond and last farewell. The bride bridled at this and turned sulky.

The pay-off came after the simple, Spanish ceremony, when the traditional first dance took place. Gypsy custom decrees that the bride and groom each turn to the person standing next to them (not each other) and start off the dance. The groom's partner turned out to be a handsome ex-flame of his, while the bride drew another woman. Halfway around the room the bride pitched her unfortunate dancing partner into a corner and stalked out.

Claire Dreier, being somewhat of an expert in bridal tantrums, hustled out after her and soothed her down. The groom put on his collar and danced attentively with his bride. The crisis was over and the guests ate, drank and danced for the rest of the day. It wasn't a wedding in the Dreier tradition to be sure, but it was just as binding. ★

Whatever Happened to Jim Coleman?

Continued from page 13

Coleman, old boy—you sound bitter! Surely it wasn't as bad as that?

That's right. To tell the truth, I loved every minute of it. I loved the job unreasonably. Once I worked for a publisher who said that a newspaperman who loved his work knew satisfaction only when he ground his brains to powder working on a story. Well, I ground my brains to powder and then I ground the powder into powder.

It all started back in Winnipeg, your Honor. My newspaper trail led from Winnipeg to Brandon and back to Winnipeg; to Vancouver, to Edmonton,

back to Vancouver; and, finally, to Toronto.

The long-suffering city editor of the Winnipeg Tribune sent me down to work on the police beat at the Rupert Street Station in the afternoons and evenings. I had led a sheltered life, and, influenced by the motion picture, I was under the impression that newspapermen wore hats which were glued to the backs of their heads. Ten months passed before someone managed to knock off my hat and I didn't wear it again for years.

I was paired with a Free Press reporter to whom, for the reason that he is plying his trade until this day, I shall refer only as Cy. There was one of the great extroverts of the newspaper business. While writing a story in the cramped Press room of the police station Cy would leap to

his feet, throw up the window, lean into Rupert Street and bark like a dog. Being an impressionable youngster I used to bark in my sleep for several weeks after being exposed to these manifestations of bubbling genius. My puzzled mother and father thought that this would be an expeditious summer for them to spend a holiday in Spain.

I don't want to give the impression that I was eccentric but there were times when his behavior defied the norm. There was a night while we were holidaying in Vancouver when he stopped the rush-hour traffic at the corner of Granville and Hastings by kneeling on the car tracks and singing "Sonny Boy" to a reasonably astonished motorman.

No More Than 100 Laughs a Day

There was the belligerent motion picture critic who settled all debates by beating himself on the chest and announcing that he was former welterweight champion of the Maritimes. Regrettably, there came a night when he chose an opponent who happened to be the current intercollegiate heavyweight champion.

There was the Tribune reporter who was an impeccably mannered graduate of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, England. Graciously, he accepted loans of 25 cents from the office boys. In a spell of temporary affluence he gave a dinner party for some staff members and their wives. The elegance of the occasion was marred slightly by the fact that, before carving the fowl, the host solemnly stripped himself to the waist.

I don't wish to give the impression we weren't serious in those years, though. There were times when I didn't laugh more than 50 or 100 times per day.

The Tribune exiled me to Brandon as resident correspondent. Brandon saddened me a bit. I had to pass the Manitoba Mental Hospital on my way to work and too many former newspapermen waved to me from the barred windows. I was recalled to Winnipeg and then shipped to the Vancouver Province to work for Robert Truscott Elson, who now is the top editorial man in the Time-Life organization.

Elson was the sports editor of the Province and, in retrospect, I don't want to blame him too much for what happened to me. Like Hitler, though, he was a paper chewer. When his mental gears were grinding Elson would munch mournfully on pieces of paper. I can say, without equivocation, that Elson ate some of the best stories I ever wrote.

The pattern was being traced then. I should have been warned if I had made a careful study of my companions.

Bob Bouchette, the columnist on a rival newspaper, decided to take a midnight swim at English Bay one night. He piled his clothes on the beach, struck out purposefully and never came back.

The columnist on our own paper was an erudite but improvident fellow who, once having been dispossessed by his landlord, spent several days sleeping on the floor of his office. When death finally caught up with him he left a will in which he bequeathed two bottles of rum—one bottle to his active pallbearers and the other to his honorary pallbearers. He gave explicit instructions that, if the active pallbearers should falter en route to the cemetery, the honorary pallbearers must step into the breach.

The night editor emeritus in Vancouver was a wonderful old man named Bert Greenwood. He cultivated a garden in the window boxes by his desk

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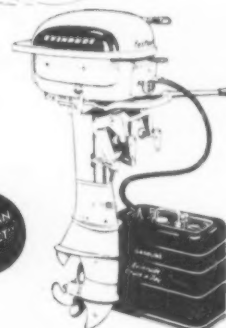
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and he hated whistling. One night he threw his entire window garden into Pender Street at an innocent Canadian Pacific telegraph messenger boy who was whistling as he rode by on his bicycle.

Every newspaperman has his private and favorite collection of kooks and characters. It was in Vancouver that I first met Deacon Jack Allen, the Sacramento expatriate who has contributed more than his share to the Canadian sporting folklore. If for no other reason I'd remember him because of his immortal observation: "If you want to make a friend you have to close one eye; if you want to keep a friend you have to close both eyes."

We had a sports reporter who was a bookmaker in his spare time. Once he went to the races in Victoria and successfully ran a parlay through six races. He had \$2,400 going into the seventh race but he refused to save even his original \$2 bet. He wagered the entire roll on a horse in the seventh and the horse finished fourth.

It was in Victoria during the races, too, that The Flea used to play the harmonica to woo his inamorata from the steam laundry. The Flea was known by that name for the simple reason that he got into every person's hair. He was playing "Traviata" for the belle of a steam laundry when some sadist punched a hole in his ear, employing one of those metal punches with which streetcar conductors make holes in transfers. The Flea never muffed a note; gamely he finished his piece before he skulled his assailant with an empty bottle.

"That'll learn you to interrupt a concert," The Flea said sternly as he struck the man to the ground.

On the Spot Was Home Base

My next stop was Edmonton. Although the man had passed to his final reward, the Edmonton Bulletin still bore the unmistakable imprint of its founder, the late great Hon. Frank Oliver. Men such as Frank Oliver pioneered the West and gave it its vitality. He shipped the Bulletin's first flat-bed press into Edmonton via the Saskatchewan River. He was a tremendous individualist. He slugged it out with his enemies; when his press wouldn't function properly he kicked it and shouted mighty oaths; he was a master of invective; he was loved for his robust integrity.

It was Oliver who, when speaking privately of one of Canada's statesmen whom he knew well, said: "He has the face and manners of an honest man and the guts of a louse."

The Bulletin had one ingenious reporter who would write bloodcurdling interviews with nonexistent travelers who were supposed to have escaped from cannibalistic Indians in the frozen wastes of the Nahanni land. To illustrate his stories this reporter would persuade some bum to leave his park bench and accompany him to Uncle Ben's Exchange on 101st Street. There the co-operative bum would be photographed in parka, mukluks and other suitable habiliments.

In these nefarious schemes the reporter was aided, abetted and encouraged by our managing editor, the celebrated Billy deGraves. DeGraves forwarded the reporter's stories and photographs to eastern papers, which invariably were willing to buy such sucker bait.

Bill was an Irish Australian with a charming personality, a quick mind and more than a touch of larceny in his soul. When an aerial expedition was lost in the sub-Arctic deGraves wrote exclusive dispatches for Lord Beaverbrook's papers in England. He scooped

the world on the rescue of the expedition and his graphic, on-the-spot account was greatly admired by English readers. The truth was that Bill wrote his stories without ever leaving the offices of the Edmonton Bulletin.

The classic deGraves story concerns an occasion on which he was working for a Calgary paper. One day he accompanied policemen and firemen who were looking for the body of a young woman who had been seen to plunge into the Bow River. It appeared a routine suicide and deGraves was bored by the prospect of dismissing the story with a couple of paragraphs.

While the civic employees were dragging the Bow deGraves sidled over to a large board fence on the river bank and, in big letters, wrote: "John—I did this because I love you."

He dropped the pencil in the grass. It was merely a coincidence that he brought the attention of a policeman to the pencil. It was merely a coincidence that the policeman noticed the death message on the fence.

Jubilantly deGraves returned to his office and wrote a very satisfactory account of the "love suicide."

The story had a disturbing aftermath. At the inquest two days later the drowned girl's parents testified that she had arrived from the Ukraine only two weeks earlier and had been unable to speak, read or write English.

DeGraves was unperturbed. He observed philosophically that there is nothing quite as dead as yesterday's newspaper.

The spirit of Oliver and the presence of deGraves set the tone for the rest of the staff. The Edmonton Bulletin was the jumping-off point for the Arctic or oblivion and some strange birds of passage nested with us overnight. We had a succession of opinionated night editors, which included Tim Ching, the late Mike Shea, and Ernie Cowper who wore white tennis shoes to the office and who had survived the sinking of the Titanic.

Shea's most notable contribution to the production of the daily newspaper was to arrive in the office about 5 a.m., pick up the entire night report of the Canadian Press and throw it into the nearest wastebasket. Despite the fact that he was getting along in years Michael still was a hardy fellow and none dared to stay his hand. Having performed this one task he would wrap his coat around him in dignity and depart to await the opening of the beer parlors at 7 a.m.

Jenks Had a Musical Bathroom

Some pretty grand stuff came out of that old office on the banks of the Saskatchewan River. Those pulse-quickeners about the hunt for Albert Johnson, the "Mad Trapper," were written right in the Bulletin, 1,000 miles from the scene, by an imaginative reporter named Gilroy who, to get himself into the proper mood for his work, arrived at the office wearing parka and mukluks and carrying a loaded musket.

Our prize exhibit was a terrible-tempered little man named D. C. Jenkins. He was a reformed tosspot from the Hearst and Denver Post school of journalism and, as a technical production man, he was the best newspaperman with whom I ever was associated. He was about the size of a beer stein and he had a heart as large as a cantaloupe.

Jenks had been divorced somewhere along the trail and he kept a bachelor apartment in a building which rejoiced in the name of the Harmony Block. He had the place wired and, when unsuspecting guests used the plumbing appliances, they were likely to set off

musical recordings, small bombs or Roman candles. His one companion was a decrepit and evil parrot which perched atop the shower curtain in the bathtub. When guests were occupied in the bathroom the parrot would dive bomb them viciously and vilify them in shocking terms.

No one seemed to mind the constant struggle to make both ends meet. We had competent reporters who were being paid \$75 per month. One of our top hands received \$100 per month, covered all the activities of the Social Credit legislature, wrote chamber music and conducted a string orchestra. One reporter who was fired for mopey and gawk solved his housing problem temporarily by passing out each night in the gentlemen's powder rooms of Jasper Avenue restaurants.

The Coleman Retirement Plan

By the time that I went back to the Province in Vancouver I was ready to take a flying broadjump into some other business, but fate stepped in and I was smashed to little pieces in an automobile accident. During the long months in hospital, and in bed at home, the paper treated me extremely well and the upshot of it was that I permitted another 11 years to disappear.

Do I regret those 11 years? I don't regret a minute! Without those 11 years probably I never would have run into The Good Kid (whose blood pressure is so good that he wants to give away 100 points), or Johnny Needle-Nose, or Irish Davy, or Annah from Savannah. I never would have been bothered by those persistent touts, Doc Burns and Cock-Eyed Casey, and I wouldn't have met Michael Lochinvar Levinsky, the little man who spends his life perched on the edge of a cloud bank. I wouldn't have known the frustrated carnival striptease who would have given her G-string to become a snake charmer. Egad—I wouldn't have known Sir Benjamin Stockley, who kept a wonderfully equipped gymnasium in an abandoned church.

Bill deGraves died in January and I went to Ottawa for his funeral. They had cold-shouldered him out of the newspaper after he returned from his second war, and he had languished in Ottawa, lonely with his memories. It was a tribute of some sort to him that, in that small Ottawa chapel, there were five of us who had worked for him on the Bulletin—five of us and the man in the box. The padre said some nice things about deGraves. He referred to his patriotism, his courage and his humanity. Strangely, the padre made no reference to his newspaper career.

As it was ending I wanted to stand up and say: "Just a minute, padre. A friend of mine is lying there. He was the best damn newspaperman ever to come down the pike . . ."

After the funeral we gathered for a few drinks and we talked about the old days. For once, Bill's timing had been bad—he had picked a rotten day for his funeral. I went back to the Chateau Laurier and packed my bag quickly. Three days later I quit the newspaper business—for ever, I guess.

If ever I become a millionaire I'm going to spend my declining years sitting in a comfortable chair at my club smoking opium. I'm going to let my mind wander back over those precious years and I'm going to crack my knuckles and chuckle happily to myself. If my fellow club members ask me what is amusing me I will look at them coldly.

"Go away from me," I will say. "You wouldn't understand."

Perhaps, at that, I would be doing the old fellows a grave injustice. ★

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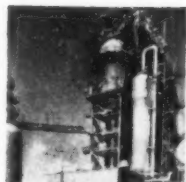
Western oil is saving 100 million scarce U.S. dollars this year, dollars we don't have to pay out for oil imports. This means money to buy other imports we need—things that cannot be grown or made in Canada. Next year Alberta oil should save 145 million U.S. dollars!

Then, too, the search for oil is making a big new market in Alberta for things the rest of Canada has to sell. The oil industry is spending \$3 millions a week in the west. Across the nation this money is fostering new industries, expanding plants, creating jobs, paying wages, building homes.

And in the prairies petroleum product prices are lower than they would have been if oil had not been found. Prairie consumers saved more than \$30 millions last year. Anything that helps prairie prosperity helps all Canada.

Oil is important to us all. More oil means a higher standard of living.

The search for oil is unending, a costly business, often disappointing. But the job is pressing forward. And new-found oil is changing our future . . . promising a better, brighter future for Canadians—man and boy alike!



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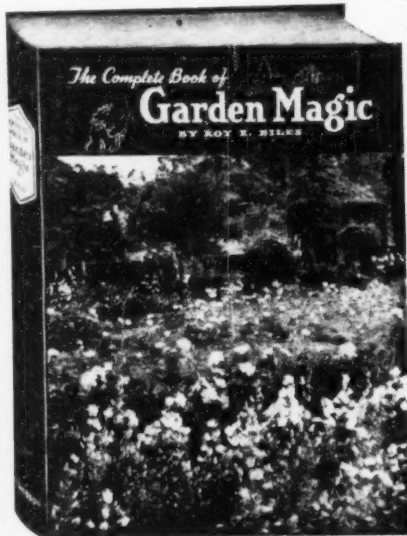
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How Peter Pocock Got a Break

Continued from page 15

about six years ago in the United States.

Cerebral palsy is a more frequent cause of crippling than polio, yet hardly anything has been done about it. It's known that it is caused by a brain injury, usually at birth. This can be mechanical or, more often, the result of anoxia (lack of oxygen). But it may strike at any age following apoplexy, encephalitis or an accident. In Peter Pocock's case the birth injury was due to the malformation of his mother's pelvic bone; had he been delivered by a Caesarean operation, as his sister Ann later was, he would probably have been all right.

There has always been a tragic misconception that because cerebral palsy is a brain injury the mentality is also affected. For a long, long time that worry stayed with Jean and Neil Pocock—was Peter going to grow up mentally deficient? Latest figures indicate that of seven such children only two may be feeble-minded, one will die in infancy, one is badly handicapped, two moderately handicapped and one slightly handicapped.

This handicap, in Peter's case, as he began to grow up, proved to be inability to control his muscles, either for holding himself still, walking, reaching out for things, or talking. His is the "athetoid" type of cerebral palsy, where the muscles are too loose; "spastic" is the opposite type, where all muscles have gone stiff and the patient can't move them at all. The cause in both cases is the injured brain, which has short-circuited the message nerves ordinarily send to various members of the body to prompt desired movements.

So when Peter intended to talk or smile he could only achieve a moan or a grimace; and, growing older, when he wants to walk his legs refuse to move him properly and, instead, jerk him into an awkward, uncontrolled gait or fling his body about wildly. For years he could not sit, stand, or even lie still, and could not for a moment be left alone.

For nearly four years the Pococks watched this, and did not know what it was and could find no help for their son.

Neil's discharge from the Army came some months after Peter's birth; he joined his family in Toronto and went in the shoe business. He would try to hide his anxiety about his son to encourage Jean. But his "Don't worry, everything will turn out all right" merely aggravated her.

"I know there is something wrong with my baby," she would say. "I know it."

Some Children Are Slower

When Peter was three months old the Pococks moved to London, Ont. When you carried him these days you had to be extremely careful. His head would fall back, as a dead weight. When he lay flat on his back in the crib he couldn't move, couldn't pull his arm out from under himself, or move his head. He had to be fed on his back because otherwise the food would fall out of his mouth.

Jean took him to another child specialist.

"Nothing has developed yet," he told her. "We'll have to wait."

Very few Canadian doctors had then (or have now) studied cerebral palsy. This one had no idea, obviously, that each day's waiting made Peter's chances slimmer, every day that delayed training taught him more firmly the wrong mannerisms and

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lessened his chances of learning the correct ones.

The most difficult parts of that first year were the bumbling kindnesses of friends. They would say, "Oh, don't worry, some children are slower than others." Or, "Look at Peter, he's cut his teeth earlier than our Jim. If it isn't one thing it's another."

"As though teeth mattered," Jean would say to Neil.

There are instances where a cerebral palsy baby has broken up a home. Husband has said to wife, "It must be a taint in your family. Nothing like this has ever happened in ours." The Cerebral Palsy Society of New York City lists stories of mothers who have become alcoholics in their misery; instances where the afflicted children have been considered unmentionable and shameful and hidden throughout their lives. In Canada many quite sane but ill children have been entered in the hospital school for the mentally afflicted at Orillia, Ont., because it was thought in the past that such children were mentally deficient.

Neil and Jean Pocock both came from well-to-do families and hadn't ever been familiars of tragedy or even distress. Neil went to the University of Toronto Schools, and later did particularly well as a salesman. Jean is a graduate of Havergal, a private school for girls, and the University of Toronto. They'd met on a blind date, but they had always known the same people.

Their first three years of marriage, before Neil went into the Army, were lighthearted. Neil, a traveling salesman, would take Jean with him wherever he went. They were young and much in love. They were not seasoned to trouble.

And now, here in their own home, they met it. They would lean over Peter's crib, and only the eyes of the baby would tell them he recognized them, for he could not make himself move. Their grief became a challenge.

They knew, without saying it in so many words, that they would do everything in their power to help their baby. And they would hold in silence the feelings of frustration, and anger, and fear, that sometimes seemed so overpowering.

Jean didn't let up for a moment. The

baby simply could not be left alone. Even when she was taking a bath she would bring Peter in his carriage to the bathroom. The gay young Pococks were forced to spend all their evenings at home. In two years they went to the movies twice.

The First Glimmer of Hope

Peter was in his third year when Neil's sister came to visit them. An American friend, motoring in Canada, dropped over to see her. It was a surprise visit but it may easily have been the most important thing that ever happened to Peter. The visitor was a doctor and at the first glance at the small son of the house he suspected what was wrong.

Gently, but directly, he told Peter's parents. "You can do a lot to help him."

"But how can you tell so quickly," they questioned, astonished. "All this time we've only got 'you can't tell for certain yet,' and 'wait.'"

"Well," said the American, "I've put some time on this problem. See how he kicks his feet up together, not first one then the other like normal babies do. That's the simplest indication. Now, what you should do, is to put a weight on one of his feet at a time so he'll learn to co-ordinate his movements."

"You see, a cerebral palsy child is not ill. He's suffered an injury. Though the injury is in his brain it doesn't mean he is a mental case. It merely means that the control centre for his muscles, located in his brain, has been injured. He can't send messages to his limbs to move automatically. Peter will have to memorize how to walk, how to control his jaw, how to lift his arm, or pick up a spoon."

"And mind you," the doctor added, "many people born with cerebral palsy grow up to have way above normal intelligence. Isn't it logical? If, even as a child, you must concentrate on putting out your hand to pick up a toy rather than just doing it without thinking, your brain will get such concentrated exercise it's bound to develop more than otherwise."

That was the first glimmer of hope. Now Neil and Jean Pocock concen-

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trated all their efforts on trying to find as much information as possible about cerebral palsy cases, and what had been done to help them. They found hardly anything had been done in Canada. In the United States there were a few specialized clinics. It would have cost them from \$300 to \$360 a month to send Peter there; that is, if they could have got him in. The waiting list was long.

The Pococks decided to start a saving fund right away for Peter's ultimate entry to such a clinic. Meanwhile they became ingenious themselves in trying to help him.

They screwed down all the chairs in the dining room so they wouldn't slip when Peter grabbed at them for support. They would hold toys out of his reach to make him concentrate in directing his hand. They built up an ordinary child's walker—the first quite successful effort to mobilize him—and showed him he might get about upright, as well as on all fours. (When he crawled he'd do it like a frog, bringing both knees up at the same time.)

They had noticed his delight in other children, so when summer came Jean and Neil decided they would try to tempt playmates for Peter. The Pocock garden took on the aspects of a miniature fairground. There were wading pools, a couple of sand boxes, and mountains of toys. The toys were carefully selected for their therapeutical value to Peter. For example, he loved toy cars but they had to be just the right size so his hand would go around them. His interest made him concentrate in reaching for them, and trying to push them along gave him marvelous exercise.

They tried to find him bulky cutlery and deep dishes held to the table by suction cups. All of it was far more expensive than normal toys. Neil judges that in Peter's few years they've spent an average of about \$35 a month merely in trial and error of therapeutic toys for him.

Peter was growing into a slim boy with huge bright eyes and undefeatable cheerfulness. Though he was constantly falling and giving himself severe bumps he'd learned not to cry. He could not pick himself up, so Jean could never take her eyes off him. Sometimes she'd try to leave him in the garden and work near the kitchen window overlooking it, but hardly ever even five minutes went by without Peter needing her help at least a couple of times. Yet, even if she wasn't immediately by him, he would sprawl in his awkward, hurting tumbles patiently until she came for him.

Junior Leaguers Had an Idea

The Pococks made a schedule to divide Peter's care. In the morning Neil would get him up, wash, dress and feed him. He learned to shave with one hand, holding his son up with the other, while the small boy would concentrate in trying to imitate his dad's movements.

Jean took over until lunch. Neil knew the nerve strain of the every-second attendance and willingly relieved her at noon. Jean would have him throughout the long afternoon and then in the evening Neil took over.

When Peter was two his sister Ann was born, delivered by a Caesarean. Some months later Jean paid a visit, with Peter, to a specialist who did not know of the arrival of the second baby.

The elderly, conservative doctor gave no hope for Peter. "Not only that," he warned, "but you'd better read this." Then he handed Jean a book. It was the grievous story of a woman whose second baby also had cerebral palsy.

Jean, trembling with anger at the memory, recalls: "If I'd been given that book while I was still carrying Ann I know I would have committed suicide. I couldn't have stood the suspense."

Ann, now two, is lively, lovely and blond.

Once a doctor friend took Neil Pocock aside. "Send that boy of yours to the Orillia mental hospital," he said. "That's where children like him should go. There is no future for him. And what's the point of ruining your family's life by having him always around the house."

"No," said Neil. "He's my son. We are trying to find out how to help him. We'll succeed."

Jean says, "I'd no more put Peter into an institution than fly to the moon."

It was the grit and patience of parents like the Pococks added to the accumulative work of progressive doctors that make the chances of a cerebral palsied child so much brighter in 1950. It had small beginnings.

When the Junior League of Toronto in the spring of 1948 started talking about opening a cerebral palsy children's clinic a doctor who was to speak at their meeting asked Jean Pocock to bring down Peter to show the need for such a clinic.

You put yourself into Jean's spot.

Here were girls she had gone to school with, whom she had known at dances and parties. Some of them didn't even know she was married, much less that she had a cerebral palsy child. She hated exhibitionism, and more than that she hated subjecting Peter to the strain.

But she and Neil had agreed on one thing. Whatever they could ever do to try to get more interest and aid to other babies like Peter was a job they had to do.

She drove from London to the Royal York in Toronto one noon. The Roof Garden ballroom was crowded with well-dressed, smart young women. Jean slowly walked down the length of the hushed, long hall, her heart in the hand that supported shaking, stumbling, trembling little Peter.

The doctor demonstrated Peter's disabilities, made him reach for a spoon, put it back. It was a painstaking, painful operation.

"There was no doubt in our minds after that," one Junior Leaguer says. "The cerebral palsy clinic was a project we wanted to take on. I don't suppose many of us were far from tears."

The clinic opened on April 29, 1949, at 11 Carlton Street, Toronto, in an old church building. It is equipped with the latest aids, perfected in the States, to help cerebral palsy children and is staffed by an orthopedic surgeon and neuropsychiatrist who give their time screening the children who apply for treatment. There are a full-time occupational therapist and a full-time physiotherapist, whom the Junior League sent for six months' training in the U. S. There is a nursery-school teacher who is also a trained nurse and a speech therapist who comes one afternoon a week.

Down in London two years ago Neil Pocock started to make contact with other parents with a similar problem. A group of five got together one night. Some of the children were school age but there were no special facilities for training them. The London parents began to promote. And when the Princess Elizabeth Public School was built and opened the best room went to the cerebral palsy children.

The parents association organized evenings and entertainments for grown-ups suffering from this injury. Pocock is today the president of the Ontario Federation for the Cerebral Palsied and

the vice-president of the Cerebral Palsied Parents Council of London.

When the Ontario Society for Crippled Children began its plans in 1947 for the establishment of a training centre for cerebral palsy cases the parents' group in London attracted the Society's attention. Seven miles from London there was the pleasant Woodeden estate which the society had used as summer camp for its children. There they opened Canada's first all-year residential training centre for cerebral palsy children and Peter Pocock was among the first patients admitted.

Peter Set Out for School

The little patients are from three to six—the age when much can be done. At the moment there are 11 of them at Woodeden. In Ontario alone, in this age group, there are about 1,000 cases. But 11 is all Woodeden can accommodate.

Meanwhile, Peter's parents work on preparing his future. They know that when, in two years, he comes home again, there will be much to do. They are training themselves with conferences with other parents, reading everything they can lay hands on about the care of such children, and shaping their future to help him.

Perhaps the heartbreak helps. There was the day last fall when all the small children started school. Peter had heard them talk about it for weeks—though he cannot speak he does understand what goes on and is able to tell his parents about it, from the story he

wants to have read to him, to the things that annoy him.

This day he had watched through the window the children he knew going to this new fascinating thing, "school." And he told his mother he'd like to go out, certain of his mother's understanding. (Someday a speech therapist may be able to help him speak.)

She let him out and went to get some of his toys. When she came back he was nowhere to be seen. She ran to the street. There, upon the hard pavement, making fast despite the thin cushion of overalls over his bare knees, Peter frog-hopped toward the corner, in the direction the other children had taken. Peter was going to school, too.

But Peter's future is brighter today than it has ever been for children so afflicted. Even in the days when only the parents struggled blindly to help their sons and daughters many a cerebral palsy child grew up to be an engineer, a lawyer, teacher, research worker, journalist, typist. Today, a child blessed with loving parents who are willing to give much to his training in time and patience, may well take his place in the world.

As Dr. Kenneth Rogers, of the Ontario Society for Crippled Children, speaking of Peter Pocock, said, "He will be able to take care of himself as he grows. There have been others before him, similarly handicapped, who have not even had the training Peter is getting, who have adjusted themselves, sometimes brilliantly, into normal life. For Peter's mind will be trained to acuteness and strength and his courage will be his strong right hand." ★

CANADIANECNOTE



Sir John A. Was Speechless

SIR John A. Macdonald, Canada's first prime minister, nervously eyed the strange contraption on the wall of his office in the East Block on November 25, 1878. It was Ottawa's first telephone, and he was about to make the capital's first phone call.

The line connected Parliament Buildings with Government House. Waiting for the P.M.'s call was Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, wife of the then Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne.

Sir John A., alone in the office with his secretary, finally walked to the wall, whirled the handle

resolutely. The connection was made with commendable speed.

In his deep voice the P.M. said, "Good morning, your Royal Highness."

Princess Louise answered, "Good morning, Mr. Prime Minister." The next thing she heard was, "What the hell will I say now?"

The Princess' hearty laugh made Sir John A. realize that his urgent aside to his secretary had been carried clearly over the wire to Government House.

For perhaps the first and last time in his life the fiery Father of Confederation was speechless.

—Lottie O'Boyle.

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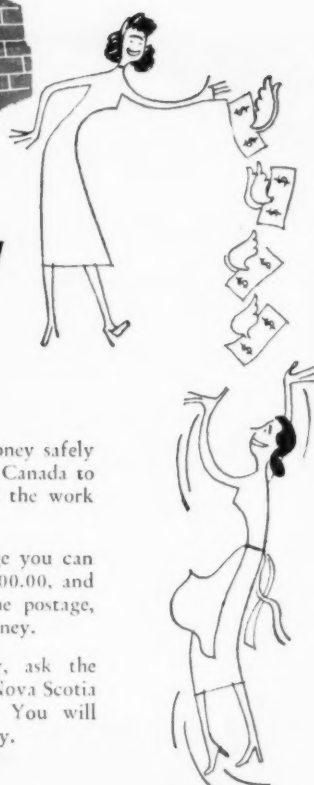


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He Blew the Whistle on Windsor Vice

Continued from page 7

putting ideas about Windsor's corruption into people's minds and city magistrate Angus W. MacMillan angrily demanded, "Do you think I should resign?"

To this and much other heated cross-fire by the commissioners (in comparison bootlegger Assef was treated with diplomatic politeness at the hearing) Hanrahan finally retorted: "There is an apparent air of hostility here that is amazing and certainly not justifiable by any remarks that I have made. I can only think there is some other purpose behind it all."

And summing up his feelings in one roundhouse swing: "I have had a growing conviction that things were seriously wrong in this city. The judgment I delivered on Assef was intended to bring this to the attention of the people."

Two days later the enquiry adjourned at the call of the chair, having uncovered little except that city constables denied being customers of Assef the bootlegger, and that Police Chief Claude Renaud believed his entire force to be efficient, honest and loyal.

"On the evidence provided thus far," commented the Windsor Star, "the people of Windsor will regard the investigation with disappointment and disillusionment."

The following week a protest group of 45 club leaders, clergy and other interested citizens met to demand a royal commission on Windsor law enforcement. By then, the vice-probe story had moved back to page five. But on page two Windsor Star columnist "Lum" Clark warned: "Watch for a move to get Magistrate J. Arthur Hanrahan out of Windsor. A lot of people have been hoping that would happen for a long time. Now they will be after his scalp more than ever..."

Long before it became apparent whether "they" were going to get Hanrahan or Hanrahan was going to get "them," most Windsorites professed to know already who "they" were, who was running the rackets (bootlegging, bookmaking and prostitution), who was supplying the protection and who was getting paid off. The whole city discussed "their" identity with attitudes ranging from anger to cynical apathy.

They Don't Want to Be Quoted

For a \$2 ride in and out the compact blocks of Windsor's business section any cab driver would point out which of the dingy rooming houses, pool rooms and tobacco stores along Pitt, Sandwich, Assumption and Pelissier Streets, behind whose false fronts you could get a girl, buy a drink or place a bet.

He might even entertain his fare with a recollection of the famous cleanup drive in 1946, when 50 bawdy house operators were convicted and police told of seeing men queuing up outside one brothel waiting their turn.

During a 1948 antvice campaign in the Windsor Star, bookie joints were named, addresses given and photos published. One reporter said he could hear the loudspeakers giving the race results right out on the street. (Chided about subsequent raids on these joints, staged after business had closed down for the day, police protested, "The paper didn't come out till night with the addresses.")

Even while police commissioners were deciding what action to take on Hanrahan's pointed remarks during

the Assef case, a Star reporter rolled easily into downtown bookie shops and placed bets on horses running at U. S. tracks. He heard race reports being relayed to lounging horse players through loudspeakers obviously hooked into the international "racing wire" the magistrate mentioned.

Windsorites will gladly tell you all about Magistrate James Arthur Hanrahan, too—although they are no more anxious to be quoted on this subject than on who runs the rackets. (Star reporters seeking man-in-the-street interviews about gambling activities were unable to find any merchant who'd voice an opinion. "Those bookies do a lot of spending.")

They'll tell you, admiringly, that Hanrahan's a law-giver who never studied law except as a court reporter. And some of the better legal brains in town will testify, "He knows more criminal law than 90% of lawyers."

You'll hear that he's a hotel owner's son who loved to follow his father's horsey guests to the races, but that he has alienated most of the pub-and-track set by his harsh dealings with bootleggers and bookies.

Once known as a convivial young fellow not averse to hoisting a couple with the boys during a hand of stud, you are told he has become a non-drinking nonsmoking near-recluse.

In person he turns out to be not nearly so austere as he's painted. His basic warmth and sympathy can be felt even in his courtroom. In his office he talks eagerly and fluently, revealing a memory that can recall details of complicated legal cases dating back a dozen years.

A Railroader Sidetracked

At home, where he puts aside all his magisterial cares to enjoy his family (one boy and three girls, two of them married), he is a genial host who likes to pour a drink for his wife and their guests. He downs best sellers (historical fiction and current comment) at the rate of two or three a week, likes nothing better than to take his 17-year-old son John to Detroit for a ball game, and when visiting old friends in Toronto is still considered as enthusiastic as ever about seeing a good horse race with \$2 on the nose.

But on the bench his 21 years of service have not mellowed him. He has become if anything more strict and conscientious in the dispatch of his duties. And while Hanrahan denies being a crusader he frankly admits to a conviction that a magistrate's job goes beyond judging the individual cases that come before him.

It's this belief which has cast Art Hanrahan in his present role as the voice of Windsor's conscience, the thorn in Windsor's seamy side. It dates back to 1927 during the brawling prohibition era of rum-running when such a vice scandal broke upon Windsor that a magistrate had to resign. Hanrahan saw it all from his vantage point as court clerk, and he was so the magistrate was personally innocent.

"His fault was that he was content to sit back and deal only with such crime as came before him," says Hanrahan. "I learned then that a magistrate may be held responsible for conditions generally regarding law enforcement in the community."

Art Hanrahan first arrived in Windsor in 1920, a handsome 22-year-old sporting a shiek-era mustache, wife, an infant daughter and a promising appointment as official reporter to the magistrate's courts of Windsor and Essex.

He had been sidetracked into the courts after deciding as a youngster

be a railroader. The regional superintendent of the old Grand Trunk used to put up regularly at Hanrahan's Hotel, operated by his father at Catherine and Barton Streets in Hamilton, Ont., and this glamorous character was always shadowed by a tall blond youth importantly lugging a typewriter. Clearly the way to become a regional superintendent was to first become his private secretary, so Hanrahan set out to learn shorthand and typing and before he knew what was happening he was the Canadian speed typing champion of 1916.

The "gold" medal he won subsequently let him down flat when he went broke and tried to pawn it during a youthful jaunt to Los Angeles, but his typing and shorthand stood by him. After a spell as an Underwood demonstrator and a short trick in the World War I Navy he married his boyhood sweetheart from Hamilton, Gertrude Carmichael, and found a job with a firm of court reporters. Here his 200 shorthand words a minute (he could transcribe on the typewriter at 120) advanced him rapidly from covering

dull banquet and convention speeches to lower court work and soon to the solemn and rarified atmosphere of Ontario's Supreme Court.

His first real interest in the law didn't develop until his appointment to Windsor, however, and then it was forced on him. While covering circuit court out of Windsor he found that local constables, themselves weak on the law, would come to him for help in taking informations. The crown attorney had him made a justice of the peace so that in his travels he himself could issue search and arrest warrants as a convenience to local authorities, which meant he had to master enough law to decide under what section of the criminal code charges should be laid and whether complainants had a sufficient basis for a charge.

Soon the younger lawyers began to make his Windsor office their courthouse hangout; at first he learned from them but soon they were asking his advice. "The only time I ever won a case in Windsor," Dave Croll, M.P., a successful lawyer, once wisecracked to then Premier Mitch Hepburn, "was

WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT?



The court had to decide if a car was stolen though it never left the garage.

The Case of the Slashed Car

By C. WALTER HODGSON

A VANCOUVER motorist was appalled one morning in February, 1924, to find his garage had been broken into and although his car was still there someone had stripped it of many parts, sliced up the tires, hacked at the upholstery, the body paint and the engine wiring. The ignition lock was broken and the battery run down.

The car owner got his second shock when he sent the repair bill for \$424 to the insurance firm with which he had a \$500 fire, theft and pilferage policy, and they sent it right back. They were responsible for damage to the car only in case of theft, said the firm—and his car had not been stolen.

When the motorist went to court the insurance company called witnesses to show that only

a special knife could have cut the tires in the manner in which they were found, hence someone had come armed deliberately to do malicious damage. The car owner's lawyer promptly produced an inflated tire and sliced it up with a pocket knife.

The insurance firm contended that under common law there must be a "carrying away" to constitute theft. The plaintiff's lawyer dug up a case dated 1824 where some luckless fellow who merely raised a bag from the luggage rack of a stagecoach, without actually "lifting" it, had been found guilty of simple larceny. Besides, said plaintiff, the Criminal Code provides that "theft is committed when the offender moves the thing . . . or begins to cause it to become movable with intent to steal it."

The judge decided . . . But what's your verdict?

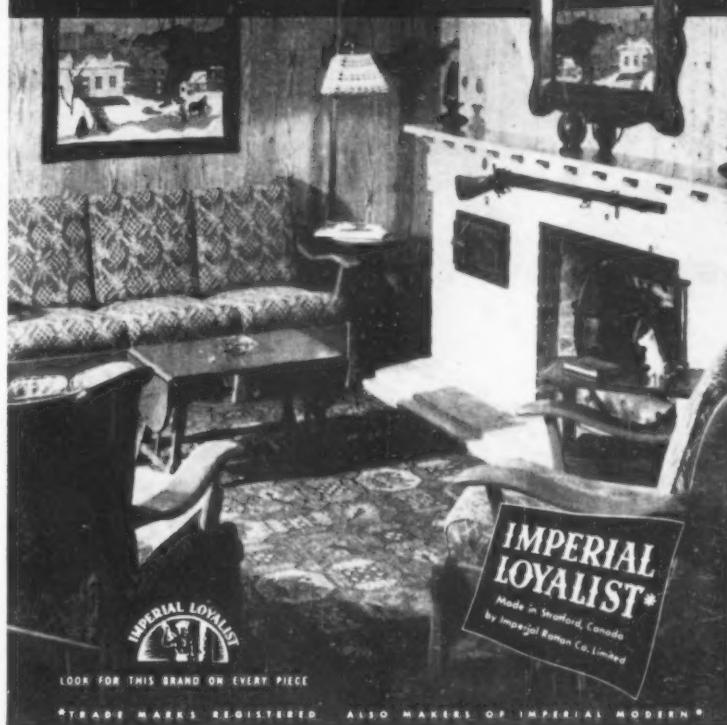
(Answer on Page 64)

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when Art Hanrahan signaled me from the reporter's desk to stop talking before I convicted my own client!"

When Art Hanrahan was first named deputy to assist both the Essex County and Windsor magistrates in 1929 he felt impelled to try and master the law as well as any counsel who appeared before him. Once while hunting he and a friend watched a majestic V of Canada geese winging southward and were surprised to discover that a stray duck had joined the formation and was beating furiously along in the No. 2 position.

"There I go—" laughed Hanrahan, "pumping away like mad trying to keep up with those lawyers!"

Hanrahan was appointed magistrate of Essex County in 1935, where he still presides in county police court in Windsor's two-story police building three mornings a week. Magistrate's court is the first court for the "summary hearing" of criminal charges. Although on most serious charges an accused may elect trial by judge and jury in a higher court, even the murderer appears before a magistrate for preliminary hearing where he may be freed (if the magistrate deems the crown's evidence insufficient) but not convicted.

Here are paraded and sentenced minor offenders and "morals" offenders—the housebreakers, the shoplifters, the quarreling neighbors (to be "bound over to keep the peace"), the prostitutes, the keepers of common gaming houses, the sex perverts and the violators of stop signs. In the 30-by-50-foot, light-green brick courtroom where Magistrate Hanrahan presides, not even the most minor charge ends with the mumbled "guilty" or "dismissed" of many a droning metropolitan court.

No Gum Chewing in Court

"He'll spend as long on a careless-driving charge as on attempted murder," testify newspaper reporters who learn patience along with a new respect for justice while covering Hanrahan's proceedings. For he explains carefully to each and every accused why he is being sentenced or let off, and even those he finds guilty leave court satisfied, if subdued.

Says Hanrahan himself: "I try to make every witness feel that he is fulfilling an important community function."

In many a police court spectators are always prowling casually about and the steady whispering and shuffling of feet produces constant but ineffectual cries of "Order in the court" from the constable on duty. There's none of that with Hanrahan on the bench. The provincial constables assigned to him long ago learned never to allow a witness in the box chewing gum, and an almost unnoticeable gesture from the magistrate himself will make the sloppiest tough straighten up.

Even the irrepressibly obstreperous "Dolly" Quinton, a famous Windsor character with an arm-length crime sheet and locally known as "the toughest man they ever had in Kingston pen," was firmly subdued the first time he tried his usual tactics of blistering comment and interruption from the prisoner's dock of Hanrahan's court.

"If these interruptions persist I shall have you removed to the cells for the balance of your trial and see that you are supplied with a transcript of the evidence," declared the magistrate without batting a gavel, and "Dolly" shut up. In the days since Quinton retired from active lawbreaking (he is now a sick old man) he has been known to occupy a spectator's

Answer to

WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT?

(Page 63)

The judge of the County Court of Vancouver agreed with the insurance company that the policy covered only damage by theft—but he agreed with the car owner that the car had been "stolen" in the eyes of the law. When the insurance firm appealed the higher court found the damaged lock and run-down battery to be sufficient evidence that the havoc-wrecker had done his best to make off with the car. Having failed, he took what parts he could, then vented his rage on the car itself. The insurance firm had to pay off.

bench in Hanrahan's court hour after hour, apparently enjoying the peace and quiet of the place after a turbulent career.

Hanrahan is far from stiff and unapproachable in his court, however. The witness box rubs shoulders with the magistrate's dais, under a cluster of dusty flags, and Hanrahan will casually produce a handful of brightly colored toy cars and watch with great interest as a previously tongue-tied witness happily demonstrates precisely what happened when this fella's car hit the other guy's.

The magistrate himself has been noticeably upset only once in the recollection of court attendants. For some purpose he had to enquire of an obviously pregnant witness when she was expecting her baby and he seemed not to have caught the significance of her reply until he heard his startled court clerk repeating, "Today?"

"Today," restated the witness.

"Court adjourned!" announced Hanrahan, shooting a horrified glance at the woman, and strode from the room.

Hanrahan has a high reputation for his knowledge of "case law"—the new law created by precedents laid down in other cases to fill gaps and clarify the obscurities in the criminal code. In one recent case of a woman charged with keeping a disorderly house he handed down a five-page judgment containing nine careful references to cases and laws dating back to 1751. Despite the fact that her male companion had testified to paying her for the purposes of prostitution, Hanrahan dismissed the charge against the woman on the grounds that an isolated case does not make a rented room a disorderly house.

Over the years he has packed a bulging loose-leaf notebook with brief citations from significant cases, which always goes into court under his arm. "You've just got your groundwork nicely laid," declared a veteran police-court lawyer in Toronto, where Hanrahan has put in several summer replacement sessions, "then he starts flipping through that black book of his and you know he's already thought of the precise reference which will blast your case before you've even finished making it!"

He is known for his fairness. Though he looks seriously on all traffic violations and once convicted of reckless driving a man who dozed at the wheel and ended in the ditch, he freed another man who crashed into the car ahead during an onslaught of sneezing. (A man knows he's sleepy, doesn't know when he's going to sneeze.)

He is known for his toughness. One Windsor lawyer fought stubbornly to free his client from conviction on a vice charge only to have Hanrahan

give the man the maximum penalty. "Your worship," declared the exasperated counsel, mopping his brow, "your standards are too high."

Another lawyer cagily put up no defense at all in the summary trial of his bookie client against whom a Detroit man provided such conclusive evidence that conviction was almost automatic. Then counsel produced a technicality to drag the case from one appeal to another until finally months later he was rewarded with an order to take his client back to Essex county court and start all over again. To the bookie's rare good fortune, the Detroit witness was no longer available—but Hanrahan's dismissal was more blistering than some sentences.

The worst shock any accused ever experienced in a Windsor police court was reserved for a veteran criminal who shot the police chief of nearby Riverside when surprised robbing a store. The bullet fortunately glanced off a doorknob and being nearly spent merely grazed the chief's stomach without penetrating. Brought into police court for preliminary hearing on a charge of attempted murder the gunman elected summary trial by the magistrate, obviously thinking this a safer risk than a jury hearing. Hanrahan found the man guilty as charged and—almost unheard of for a magistrate—sentenced him to life imprisonment.

The cop-shooter may have found some slight consolation when a higher court later "reduced" the term to 20 years (he was 48 when sentenced) and at that he came off better than most. No more than three or four of many Hanrahan convictions carried to the Ontario Supreme Court have been quashed.

The magistrate has become steadily more conscientious in his job. He avoids making speeches ("I do my talking in court") and joining clubs (one local magistrate had been highly embarrassed to find a fellow service-clubber hauled up before him).

Another Windsor solon had such a fond regard for a Scotch and soda that during his tenure all the local drunks were observed to have sworn off beer and would admit to drinking nothing but the stronger beverage. But after Art Hanrahan quit drinking for Lent on the spur of the moment, about 10 years ago, he decided not to start again because even the most moderate consumption made him feel hypocritical in sentencing a man whose drinking got him into trouble.

About the same time Hanrahan's doctor made him cut out smoking (he was a two-pack-a-day man) and when during the war he sold his car for strictly financial reasons some acquaintances mistakenly added this to the growing legend of Hanrahan's austerity. "He won't even drive any more for fear he'll infringe the Highways Act!" they would declare, shaking their heads.

Law-giving is today better paid than it was before the war and the Essex

County magistrate not only managed to buy a car again last spring but has renewed hopes of finally paying off the mortgage on his comfortable, 22-year-old south-end home.

Altogether Hanrahan receives \$7,700 a year (an increase of \$2,500 since 1939) due to the fact that he is also a judge of the juvenile court and is paid by Windsor to sit two days a week in city police court.

When Art Hanrahan first came to Windsor it was a collection of half a dozen "border cities" (today it's a lively and bustling industrial centre of 120,000 people). Then when rum-runner's tommy guns could occasionally be heard rattling along the river front the people of "wicked Windsor" liked to boast that theirs was a wide-open town. Today they wince when they hear the expression.

Still tolerant in many ways, most of Windsor's citizens have become more touchy on the subject of crime with increasing reports that Detroit racketeers are moving in on the local bookies and bootleggers. They hear that 80% of found-ins harvested when police raid gambling joints, blind pigs and bawdy houses are Americans, and they resent the growing suspicion that Windsor is becoming known across the border as a safe spot for a spree. ("Just through the tunnel, bud, and give the cab the address on this card.")

Forty-five citizens attending a protest gathering to demand a royal commission into crime conditions isn't a mass meeting, but it's a start.

Magistrate Hanrahan began voicing his own protests at least four years ago. Sentencing a procurer—one of 50 persons convicted on prostitution charges in the city in 1946—he warned that "a very real danger exists in the well-established affinity between flagrant violation of any law creating large illegal profits and official corruption."

Again in 1948, when he convicted a racketeer of trying to extort money from a Windsor bookie, Hanrahan gave the shakedown artist a year in jail and saved his lecture for law-abiding citizens: "Unchecked rackets and general lawlessness flourish together..."

Bootlegger Joe Assef's lawyer has appealed his sentence on the grounds that in his judgment Hanrahan also touched on gambling, a crime with which his client wasn't charged. The final decision of Assef's fate is therefore up to a higher court, but whatever the outcome, more and more Windsor citizens are concerned with the warning Hanrahan's judgment contained.

And when the Essex County magistrate gets warmed up to a climax it isn't one people are likely to forget.

"If you would talk, Assef," he declared in the final paragraph of the judgment, "I wonder if the explanation of how you managed to thrive in this manner might not quickly change local public apathy, and indifference and lack of understanding to the fury of that force that has removed kings—an aroused public opinion." ★

NEXT ISSUE

ON SALE MAY 10

HE KILLS THE KILLER WOLVES

Dan Dennison is a hunter with a dedication. When he was a boy he saw the giant northern wolves, the fiercest of their breed, at their bloody work of destruction. He made a vow then that he would seek them out and kill them. To date he has hunted and killed 400 of them, by horse and jeep and aircraft. This is another Rich Hobson story.

By the author of "THE NIGHT WILD HORSES RACED WITH DEATH."

4-



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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

than \$40 a month. That would cost \$528 millions now, \$782 millions in 20 years.

Liberals have been careful not to tie themselves down to any age or any figure. If they left the age at 70 and the pension at \$40 a month (the amount now paid to the destitute in most provinces) it would cost only \$323 millions next year, \$500 millions in 1971.

But just how do you raise even \$323 millions over and above the present budget?

There's a strong feeling in Government circles that the pension must be in some way "contributory." Take it out of consolidated revenue and you're wide open to competitive political bidding, each party promising more than the other at every election. The only way to prevent that is to make the taxpayer aware of what he's paying for his old-age security and make any increase in benefits involve an increase of contributions.

Last year the personal incomes of all Canadians totaled about \$7½ billions. Old-age pensions would therefore bite anywhere from 4½% to 9% out of our earnings. Figure out a way of doing that painlessly and you'll cure the insomnia of every politician in Canada.

Some Ottawa Liberals are frank enough to admit that they're very annoyed at George Marler, the temporary leader of the party in Quebec.

Away back last fall Marler called a provincial convention for this month. It sounded logical enough—Quebec hadn't had a provincial leader since Senator Adelard Godbout retired in 1948 after his crushing defeat at the hands of Maurice Duplessis. The trouble was, nobody had any idea whom to pick.

Ottawa had nothing to do with calling the convention. Ottawa would have preferred to have nothing to do with picking the new leader, either. But the Quebec boys, after complaining themselves blue in the face for years that Ottawa was trying to run their affairs, no sooner called their convention than they started sending messengers to Ottawa to ask, "What do we do now?"

Edouard Rinfret, now Postmaster-General, could have had the job if he'd wanted it. Jean Lesage, the young and able M.P. for Montmagny-L'Islet, was another good bet; so was Roch Pinard of Chambly-Rouville. They all decided, with varying degrees of hesitation, that they wouldn't run.

Now it looks, from here, as if the likeliest candidate is an M.P. named Georges Emile Lapalme, a lawyer from Joliette, Que.

In Ottawa Lapalme has been an obscure figure; not many parliamentary reporters know him even by sight. To the best of recollection he's made only one speech in his five years in the House.

However, Quebecers say he's a stronger candidate than you might think. He speaks little English, so can't attract attention in a chamber that's only nominally bilingual. But in French he is a powerful speaker with a rare gift for invective. In the weekly paper he owns in Joliette he has been lambasting the Duplessis Government with force and fervor for years and his editorials have attracted a good deal of attention throughout the province.

If Lapalme does get the Quebec leadership, he's expected to wait a year to 18 months before trying to get into the Quebec Legislature. His friends

"SO-EASY" British Garden Seeder

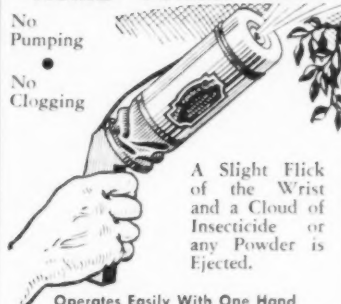
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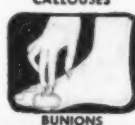
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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

advise him against trying to buck the enormous Duplessis majority for too long before an election. When the Liberals think another Quebec election is in the offing they'll move one of the incumbents out of the handful of safe seats they still hold and give the new leader one session of parliamentary combat before he tackles The Champ on the hustings.

* * *

One thing a new Liberal leader will have in his favor—the breach between the Duplessis Government and the Quebec clergy is not as well healed as it seemed to be when Archbishop Charbonneau was fired.

Mgr. Charbonneau, Archbishop of Montreal and arch-foe of the Duplessis regime, lost his job several months ago. It's believed his removal followed earnest representations to that end by Duplessis ministers in Rome; whether that be so or not his removal was regarded as a major victory for the Union Nationale, a major defeat for the so-called "Left" among the Quebec clergy.

But soon after Mgr. Charbonneau retired and even before his successor Mgr. Leger had been appointed, the archbishops and bishops of Quebec issued a pastoral letter on social justice. It was a 35,000-word document very carefully balanced, and it said nothing which had not been said before. Nonetheless it was greeted as a plain indication that, with or without Mgr. Charbonneau, the church in Quebec was on the side of the worker.

Evidently the Duplessis Government took it as a rebuke. A few days after the pastoral letter was published Antonio Barrette, Quebec Minister of Labor, made a long speech in the Legislature in defense of his Government's labor record.

"We have social justice now in Quebec," he said. "Let no one try to give us lessons in it."

Barrette may not have meant it that way, but it sounded very like an indignant rejoinder to the hierarchy. Liberals read it with glee.

* * *

Saturday night, May 6, brings round a social event which is unique in Ottawa's year the Press Gallery dinner.

It is not, in all senses, a high society affair. Only about half of those present usually bother getting into dinner clothes. For those who do, the stiff shirt gives a certain tone to the early part of the evening, and makes a fine drawing board for cartoonists in the later stages. Jack Boothie, of the Toronto Globe and Mail, has created some of his finest gems of caricature on

the victim's boiled shirt at previous gallery dinners.

On the other hand, it is always a Big Name party. The Governor-General and the Prime Minister are the chief speakers; the entire Cabinet, the Opposition's front bench and the top layer of the civil service are among the guests. They are entertained by a program of systematic lampooning on which reporters have labored lovingly for weeks.

Most of it is good-natured enough. Last year Percy Philip, of the New York Times, wrote a song of welcome to Newfoundland which was really brilliant. It went to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia," with choruses like this:

Hurrah, hurrah, seal flipper pie for tea.

Hurrah, hurrah, your babies shall be free.

You will now pay income tax on a scale as high as we—

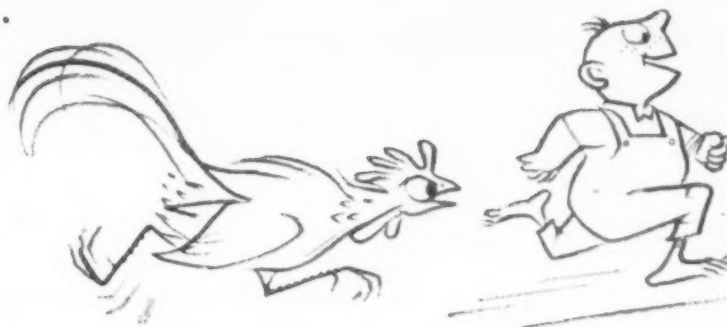
All of us welcome Newfoundland.

When we sang it on the night, Secretary of State F. G. Bradley accepted it as an introduction and rose to give a witty reply that started the evening speech making.

But a good many of the jokes have an edge to them, and it's a test of any statesman's sense of humor to keep laughing when he is the butt.

Speeches and events are all strictly off the record, which is sometimes a pity. Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, who got an honorary life membership in the gallery on his 70th birthday in 1944, is seldom in better form than at the gallery dinner not only did he take the numerous irreverent jests in good part, but he usually gave back as good as he got. His speech in 1948, just before his retirement, was the best I ever heard him deliver—very funny but at the same time very moving. That was one gallery dinner speech that did get into the newspapers, at least in part; it contained the first full and detailed explanation of his retirement plans, and the Canadian Press got King's permission to write a story about it next day.

The formal program is usually over about 10 o'clock and the more elderly and eminent guests go home. The rest of the company adjourns downstairs, and there are often a few bodies still to be carried out at sunrise. This is the section of the evening that gives birth to legends as more and more of the Powers That Be take their hair down. It is also the section of the evening when the Powers That Be are most grateful for the off-the-record rule—a rule which has never been broken to anyone's harm. ★



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NEXT ISSUE

Do You Want to Win the King's Plate?

Before you go shopping for a horse and a fetching set of silks you will want to read this article by Jim Coleman who once owned a one-horse stable and raced it for the famed guineas. Even if you've never had a desire to stand in the winner's circle with your own steed you will suffer a little and laugh a lot as this well-known sports columnist tells a story that would probably twist the hardened heart of a backroom bookmaker.

IN MAY 15 MACLEAN'S

ON SALE MAY 10



JACK WARNER

Gilbert and Sullivan to the Contrary,
The Policeman's Lot Is A Lot Better.



For a theatregoer, seeing THE BLUE LAMP is the equivalent of joining a man-hunt by and with Scotland Yard and this, as seen from the inside, is an adventure of major excitement.

★ ★ ★

The policemen on the beat include Jack Warner and Jimmy Hanley. Jack Warner has few equals at playing the roles of real people. The villain of the piece, played by Dirk Bogarde, comes from the ranks of the post-war problem boys.

★ ★ ★

Alec Guinness, having had a spectacular Broadway stage success, is deluged with Hollywood offers. This should not be allowed to obscure the fact that he is remarkably brilliant in comedy. The proof is to be seen in KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS in which he plays eight different people, male and female, and in A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY. In the latter, he is cast as the editor of a gardening column on a London newspaper.

★ ★ ★

There are two new pictures in London which have created more Canadian inquiries than any films in months.—THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED and MORNING DEPARTURE.

★ ★ ★

THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED is a British war story. It shows the action of the Guards Armored Division, for a time under the command of the First Canadian Army, and includes the route subsequently known as "Maple Leaf-Up".

★ ★ ★

MORNING DEPARTURE, in the tradition of "In Which We Serve", is a submarine story. John Mills is the star.

To be sure you see these J. Arthur Rank films,
ask for the playdates at your local Theatre

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MAILBAG

"Go On Treading On the Odd Toe"

THE VERY fact that you do not print exactly what everyone wants to read, as evidenced by your March 15 Mailbag ("Isn't Anybody Happy?"), is to my mind the very best reason why you should go on treading on the odd toe every now and again. In the past (and I hope the same will hold true in the future) your articles have created public interest and have caused some stagnant minds to stir in anger. This is good for the progress of Canada, strait-laced as she is often enough. —C. A. Brown, St. Lambert, Que.

● Re Mailbag March 15, "Isn't Anybody Happy Now?" I say, Happy Gang, Shnappy Gang—what's the difference who it is? Let's face facts. After all, wouldn't this be a better world to live in if we all woke up for once and did just that? Up with June Callwood. Onward Maclean's, the best across the Dominion. —Michael Evans, Lethbridge, Alta.

P.S.—I'm happy.

Edmonton Culture

Apropos of Dianne Foster's remark to the effect that "culturally, Edmonton is dead" ("Starlets in the TV Stakes," March 1). Could it be that Dianne took away with her the very little bit of culture which we once possessed? —Trudy, Edmonton.

Thanks by Thousands

A thousand (or even a million) thanks for your editorial "Colossal, Stupendous Vulgarly" in the March 15 issue of Maclean's. You have brought the matter (publicity sur-



rounding Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini) to the level of the plain citizen who still tries to live and approve of a sane and decent mode of living. —Ruth Hughson Hawkshaw, Ottawa.

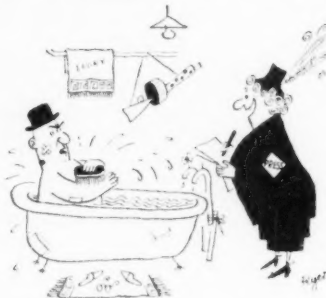
Dr. Shields Not Flamboyant

Permit a protest that your racy, readable article, "The Stately Street of Sin" (Feb. 15), should contain an uncalled-for and unworthy jibe at Dr. T. T. Shields. Few men or churches are more free from "flamboyancy." Few exemplify more modestly and unselfishly, practical Christianity. Jarvis Street, under the able leadership of Dr. Shields, is doing a magnificent job, under terrific handicaps and in the

very heart of a neighborhood that has been transformed into what your writer describes as a "brawling, bawling, bawdy boulevard." —Ben H. Spence, Toronto.

A Plug for Luciano?

Referring to the article in Feb. 15 Maclean's, "But I Couldn't Find Picasso," I am astounded that you did not expurgate the comments on the gangster, "Lucky" Luciano, and consign his picture to the wastepaper



basket—a fitting place for that smirking countenance—instead of printing it under "How are things back home?" Surely it cannot be that you intended this heading for an indirect plug for sympathy for this notorious Italian outcast from the U. S. A.! I trust you will not, in future, seem to condone the lives and actions of such parties by giving them undue publicity. —Thomas Winsby, Vancouver.

Questions Hobson

Re "The Night Wild Horses Raced With Death" (Feb. 1): This is melodrama at its worst but my point is that in 1910 C. H. Edmond, of Vancouver, took a pack train over "the unexplored Itcha Mountains." In 1911 Edmond guided P. H. Koop (now living near Victoria) across the Itcha on a caribou hunt. About 1912 Mr. Merston, a B.C.L.S., made a reconnaissance survey of the Itcha. As for the Bella Coola trail: hundreds of people have ridden this "narrow jungle trail" since Lunos, a Norwegian, first blazed it out over 50 years ago. When author Hobson pretends to be writing a factual story he would be well advised not to depart so grossly from facts. —D. Edmond, Vancouver, B.C.

● "The Night Wild Horses Raced With Death" does not pretend to give the history of the Itcha Range or the Bella Coola trail, since the first white man, Alexander Mackenzie, fought his way through that country in 1793.

Re the Bella Coola trail: I quote from the Cariboo Digest, March, 1950: "In 1894 when the Bella Coola Valley was settled by a group of Norwegian colonists the Government of B. C. promised these people that it would build them a wagon road connecting their valley with the rest of the world. Despite the fact that the promise was made 56 years ago there are still some of those hardy pioneers alive

today with enough simple faith in their fellow man to hope that before they die they will see the Government fulfill its promise of a road to the interior."

Re "the unexplored Itcha Mountains:" The B. C. Government has since the beginning of the century made a mountaintop-to-mountaintop (triangulation) survey of the entire province, but this does not constitute exploration. Pan Lake and Pan Creek, named after Panhandle Phillips, have recently been added to the Government's triangulation map of the Itcha Mountains.

I did not make up this story of Vinney Clayton's accident. It happened. When a man is maimed or crippled for life—it is not melodrama. —Richmond P. Hobson, Jr., Vanderhoof, B.C.

A Pat for Bax

Please congratulate Beverley Baxter for being wrong about the British elections ("I Say the Tories Will Win," Feb. 15). Now I'll read him with interest again. When his predictions were always right he made life so boring. —K. A. Lund, Sackville, N.B.

● Beverley Baxter describes the world of H. G. Wells' "Shape of Things to Come" (March 1) as a healthy grave, dead and static, without danger or struggle. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

The script from the Korda film is easily available in published form. In its entire final sequence, in the world of the future, there is a most titanic struggle between the reactionaries who want to stop progress and the adventurers who know that life means conflict.

Wells puts his theme into a speech by Cabal: "The world will never be safe for man . . . and there is no happiness in safety . . . Our revolution did not abolish death and danger. It simply made death and danger worth while." —Elsie Park Gowan, Edmonton.

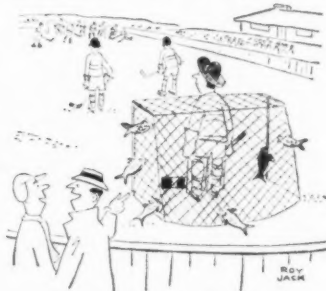
No King of England

On several occasions of late the title King of England has been used, presumably to refer to the "King of Great Britain, Ireland, and British Dominions beyond the Seas."

In your March 1 issue you have a complete contradiction, in so far as in your Royal Quiz, H.M. is given his correct title, while in the article "The King Who Gets What He Wants," writer Roy Graham refers to the "King of England." This title I believe became obsolete after the union of the crowns. —Donald R. Mackenzie, Hamilton.

Net Loss

On page 45 of your March 15 issue there appears an excuse for a cartoon drawn by one Roy Jack. My advice to Mr. Jack is that he partake of some of the brain food depicted in the net . . . it may help him to draw better cartoons. —W. J. Gillis, Sydney, N.S.



"This is the team from Nova Scotia."

The Biggest Show on Earth

Continued from page 14

quite different. The Englishman is the greatest showman in the world, the supreme master of pageantry—and his passion is fancy dress.

Ask an Englishman to be an usher at an ordinary wedding and he will be quite shy, but dress him up as a Yeoman of the Guard, or an Ancient Honorable Artilleryman with breastplate and plumed hat, and he will walk into the street and hail a taxicab without the slightest embarrassment. In fact he would think nothing of going to his office afterwards in the same regalia.

At any rate on the Monday morning I started off to Westminster with my daughter and drove through Hyde Park only to find my way blocked by a regiment of horse artillery. There they were in full regalia with eight horses drawing each tiny gun, and all the soldiers looking as fierce as if the gun was in fact an atomic bomb. We made a flanking movement to throw off the artillery but found ourselves blocked by a regiment of cavalry, every horse as black as night, every soldier breast-plated and with tossing plumes in his hat, and the lot of them as grim as if they were all that was left of the Light Brigade.

Just to assist matters it appeared that the whole of London had knocked off work—an old British custom—and concentrated at Hyde Park Corner. But do not think that there was the slightest confusion. That supreme master of pageantry the London policeman was directing the traffic and the crowds as if he were Sir Thomas Beecham and they his orchestra.

So the artillery rattled through and went down Constitution Hill toward the Palace, followed by the cavalry. Fortunately my M.P.'s badge proved an adequate visa and we also got through.

What a sweep it is, that great avenue that passes the Palace and debouches into the Mall! Why is it that Paris and London were so majestically planned in the bad old days and modern democracy can do nothing better than create untidy streets of neon lighting and shops, with perhaps a miserly plot of grass outside its city hall?

But on this morning the Mall was particularly radiant for the President of France was due to arrive the next day on an official visit. Masts had been set up right along the Mall and from them there fluttered the Tricolor and the Union Jack. Is there a man of such sluggish blood that his pulse would not quicken at such a gay and significant sight?

Away in a Golden Coach

So to Westminster and the debating chamber of the House of Lords, which the Commons has used since 1940 but which we give back to the peers for one day in the year when the King comes to open parliament.

There were the noble lords in their ermine-collared crimson robes with their coronets looking like iced cake dotted with strawberries. In a special section sat their wives in full evening dress, with tiaras sparkling like the window of a jeweler's shop. Then there were the bishops in their white robes, the *corps diplomatique* in their uniforms, while in the public gallery there was, quite properly, the public.

The place was ablaze with lighted bandeliers but, just as the hand of the clock moved to 11, the lights were slowly dimmed and the trumpets sounded from outside. Don't imagine that there was one word of command or

even a signal. The British have got pageantry down to such an art that you never see anyone directing it.

Eleven o'clock! The lights go full blaze again and in comes the King in his royal robe and crown, and the Queen with two pages to see that her train is properly carried and then disposed of on the steps when Their Majesties sit down on the improvised throne.

While they are doing this there enter the ladies and gentlemen in attendance including not only the Lady but the Woman of the Bedchamber, Silver Stick in Waiting, Master of the Horse and someone who was facetiously pointed out by my neighbor as Rouge et Noir.

It is all extraordinarily like a pantomime except for the deathly silence. Finally the Lord Chancellor in his robes hands the Gracious Speech to the King and performs the difficult task of going backwards down the steps without tripping. There is no place by the steps for Attlee or Churchill, unlike Canada where the premier has a ringside seat.

I was sorry for the King. The Gracious Speech was a jumble of nothing intended to cover the embarrassment which the election had brought to the Socialists. However, all things come to an end and out went Their Majesties to their golden coach and loud rang the cheers of the people.

At 4 that afternoon we, the Commons, took over the chamber of the House of Lords once again and for the first time the two great parties faced each other in debate. Where for five years a few of us had carried on the Tory Opposition now we filled one side completely. It was thrilling to feel the strength of numbers again, yet more than one of us who had survived the debacle of 1945 felt like the guest at a seaside hotel out of season who, at Bank Holiday, sees the place crowded and he is only one of many.

An Avenue of Royal Flowers

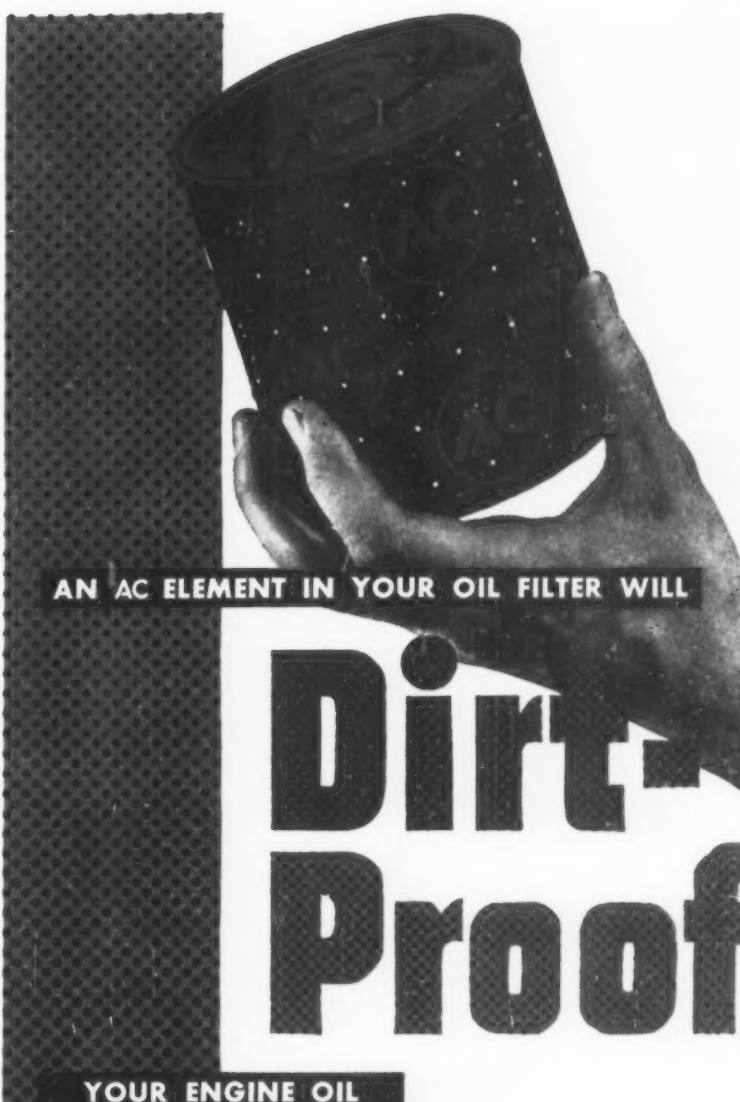
Churchill was in a mood of benign pugnacity. Herbert Morrison smiled, but there was no mirth in his eyes. Clement Attlee, despite a superhuman election effort, looked unperturbed and unruffled. The rest of the Socialists were like men who had dreamed a dream and had awakened to cruel reality.

The next day the French President arrived in a heavy mist that was almost a fog, but even the English sun has a sense of pageantry and burst through the gloom just as the President and his wife were coming up the Mall. As far as I could see London had knocked off work again. The crowds were enormous.

The next morning the peers and members of the House of Commons gave a reception for the French guests in the grim old Royal Gallery of the House of Lords. A day or two before it was just an empty hall with a few paintings, but by some magic wand it had been transformed into a glittering hall of grandeur. There were red plush chairs, there was a platform covered in crimson, special sections for the French diplomats and staff officers, and lights like the Crystal Palace.

Sharp to the moment the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Speaker arrived in their uniforms, then the Prime Minister and senior ministers as well as representatives of the Opposition, and in marched President and Madame Auriol. From somewhere a superb orchestra played "La Marseillaise" as I had never heard it before, bringing out the extraordinary beauty of the harmonization.

Speeches, felicitations, applause, laughter and something very close to



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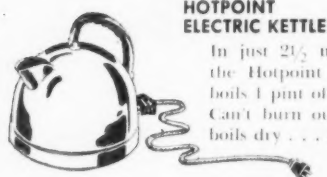
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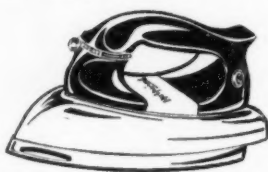
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tears. This little man, this quiet Frenchman with the inscrutable face and the eloquent hands, had been a minister when France was overrun by the Germans in 1940. He refused to sign the armistice with Germany and would not co-operate with Petain and Laval. He was imprisoned but after many weary months escaped and got to Algiers where he could fight against the enemy. Meantime his wife had joined the underground and was one of the principal decoders of secret service messages sent from London. Her fearlessness won for her the coveted Resistance Medal.

Truly heroism is not cast in any mold. You could not imagine that this nice, unassuming pair had ever known excitement beyond the ordinary ration of human existence.

By a curious irony there are two vast paintings that face each other in this hall. One shows the meeting of Wellington and Blucher at Waterloo. The other is the death of Nelson. France and Britain, ancient enemies, then allies, then parted again by Hitler and Petain, and now once more friends. Perhaps after all there is hope for the human race.

The speeches are over. Without a word of command six trumpeters enter and blow a fanfare. Once more comes "La Marseillaise" from the unseen orchestra, starting almost like a murmur and then rising to a blood-tingling climax. "God Save the King" sounded ponderous and uninspired after it.

Out went the guests and ministers two by two and we heard the cheering in the streets. Out went the peers to wherever peers go, and out went the M.P.'s to their own devices. The hall was empty except for Wellington and Nelson.

The next day in a crowded and excited House of Commons the Conservatives moved a virtual vote of censure on the Government. The

political battle had begun in earnest. Churchill was in terrific form and the speeches on both sides were fiery, but there was trouble off-stage.

A great gala performance of ballet had been arranged that night at Covent Garden where a special royal box had been constructed with an avenue of flowers leading to it. The King was the host and the French President the principal guest. Naturally a large number of M.P.'s had been invited.

But the first vote of this Parliament was to be taken at 10 o'clock! What was to be done? The dancers had to go on without our chaps. They got there just in time for the last ballet.

The last gala performance for a French President was in the spring of 1939. Many of the guests came in military uniform, for war was waiting in the wings. I remember Randolph Churchill in his Hussars uniform looking at the great scene and then saying, "It's the ball at Brussels." He was right. Waterloo was only a little time off but this time it was to be known as Dunkirk.

Well, it is all over. The President and his wife have gone home. The King and Queen have had a quiet week end to themselves. As far as I know London has returned to work. The black horses are eating their heads off in Wellington Barracks, and the gun carriage is waiting for its next outing. The ceaseless battle of parliament goes on.

To move about London is like walking on the playing field after a championship has been won and lost and the players gone. But the glory of that week lingers in the senses and in the memory. Great cities have great moments—and this was one of them.

Even the chimney pots look less dingy, as if they actually had made an effort to spruce themselves up for the occasion. ★



SPRING WORK

Here where the moldboard drew its measured bevel
In dark and curling folds, precise and narrow,
The furrows blend, their ridges flat and level
Beneath the scrawling of a spike-tooth harrow.
With gathered reins in idle hand he travels
The sloping uplands he has plowed and sown
Through forty seasons . . . And the steel unravels
The knotted fibre and the scattered stone.

Next week or next his searching eyes shall find
A rooted promise where the young blades borrow
From the slant earth its life. His absent mind
Is filled with August. But his careful hand
Is halted to this minute and this land—
And a cold ton of stone to pick tomorrow.

—Charles Bruce



WIT AND WISDOM



Process of Elimination — The electrician on the ladder called down to his mate: "Bill, grab hold of one of them wires."

"Okay!" shouted Bill, and took hold of the one nearest to him.

"Do you feel anything?" asked the electrician.

"No."

"Then don't touch the other; there's 10,000 volts in it!" — *Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Revealing Gesture — "How are you getting on with your new boy friend?" asked the brunette.

"Oh, he's all washed up," replied the blonde. "I think he's been deceiving me and that he's really a married man."

"Do you, dear? Whatever makes you think that?"

"Well, last night I was sitting on his knee and he gave me his watch to play with." — *Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Ticket Racket — "Tickets, please, gentlemen," said the collector, and they were all produced save that of a poor, feeble old gentleman who searched in vain for his; the other passengers growled exceedingly.

"Train is waiting for you, sir," went on the collector. "Why, there it is in your mouth, sir, all the time. Right away!"

And the train moved on to Waterloo.

"Do you suffer much from absence

of mind?" asked a nosey passenger.

"Absence of mind be hanged," returned the poor, feeble old gentleman. "I was sucking the date off a last week's ticket." — *Victoria Colonist*.

Two - Pun Bandit? — A West Coast store bandit pulls a pun on his victims. The law should take a stern view of this; it's as bad as pulling a gun! — *Ottawa Citizen*.

Bonus the Ego — All of us strongly favor equality, but we would like something better than that for ourselves. — *Calgary Herald*.

Sad Remainder — Experience is what you have left when you have completely forgotten her name. — *Peterborough Examiner*.

Design for Insanity — "It happened again," said the unstrung designer of military planes, to the psychiatrist. "It became obsolete while I was drawing it." — *Stratford Beacon-Herald*.

Laissez - drip — A Great Falls patient is saved by a transfusion of his own blood, which shows what the rugged American can do if the welfare-state crowd will stand back. — *Trail Daily Times*.

The Public Conscience — The easiest way to resist temptation is publicly. — *Calgary Herald*.

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S



Hoping for something or saving for it?

That *real* vacation you've always wanted . . .

will it be put off again this year because finances won't permit? Or have you *planned* your saving, with a certain sum earmarked: "For vacation only"?

A Royal Bank savings account can put you on the road to the things you want most—a home of your own, education for your children, freedom from money worries. Putting aside so much every month can mean all the difference between marking time and getting ahead . . .

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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

IT WAS spring, when nature demands the most attention, and the 500-acre federal experimental farm in Ottawa was crawling with Agricultural Department employees seeding test plots, spreading fertilizer, landscaping, crossbreeding sheep to improve the strain and scientifically

trains was inclined to be expensive and there'd be no messing about with it as sometimes happened at home—what he ordered he had to eat. Pete waded into a full-course dinner, bouillon, roast beef, vegetables and dessert, without missing a crumb. But when the waiter arrived with finger bowls he slumped in his seat, demanding, "What—soup again?"



A Parade scout in Labrador (he wears snowshoes and carries a dog-team whip, in addition to such standard equipment as bowie knife, pencil and notebook) has drawn our attention to an advertisement in the St. John's Evening Telegram:

"Wanted: A doctor for Joe Batt's Arm."

The names of some of these Newfoundland villages can be very confusing to an outlander.

stepping up the egg production of Barred Rocks. Through all this wandered two early-season tourists of the brighter-plumaged sex, seemingly quite unimpressed with anything they saw until they found themselves in front of a deserted tennis court.

"Ha!" exclaimed one woman turning indignantly to the other. "So that's how they spend their time!"

A Toronto newspaperman spent several days in the backwoods near Quebec City in pursuit of a feature story which never did materialize, and arrived back at his hotel room completely exhausted. He was no sooner in the room than he got a call from an old friend who works for a Montreal paper saying that he'd just arrived in Quebec and he'd be right up.

Resignedly the weary Torontonian slumped into a chair to await his friend's arrival—and that's all he remembers for about 10 hours. When he finally did awake he found a note on his desk, left by his friend:

"I carried on a monologue for seven minutes before I realized you were dead. Just thought it was normal Toronto behavior."

Making his first trip on the trans-continental train from Calgary to Vancouver a young chap named Peter, age 6, had it firmly impressed on him by his parents that food on

A friendly family in Alberta's Wetaskiwin district made up a Christmas box for a family of settlers just over from Europe, including a knitted tea cozy. The two farms aren't very close together and it was only recently that some special social function brought them together. The gift-givers discovered that the parcel had really been appreciated—in fact the mother of the family was wearing



the tea cozy at a jaunty angle on her head, a small nob of mouse-colored hair bobbing out of the opening for the spout.

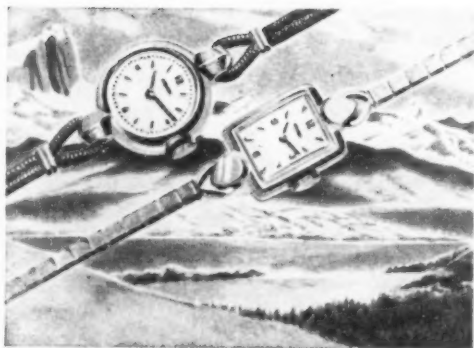
We regret to report that during the winter at a sawmill in the British Columbia interior Pete the planer man suddenly passed away. Checking back at the end of the month to determine the exact date of his death the mill accountant found that according to the records of the camp cook, poor Pete had eaten three meals the day after he died, and two more the day after that.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

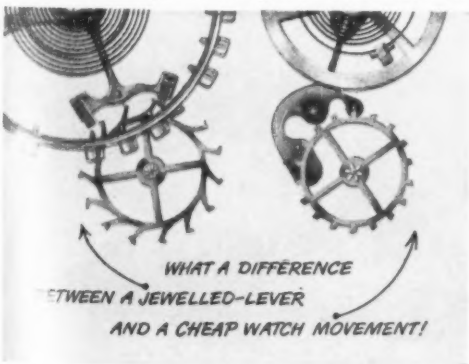


1. "What to give Mother?" is the question close at hand — for Mother's Day is May 11th. And, whether Mother is a homebody or a girl who likes to get around, whether she likes gifts that are fabulously feminine or pleasantly prac-

tical, there's *one* gift that's perfect for *all* mothers — a fine watch. If the watch you buy has a quality Swiss jewelled-lever movement, you'll be getting the utmost in beauty, accuracy, and value — a *treasure of lasting pride*.



2. The news in watchmaking has always come from Switzerland: self winding, water- and shock resistant watches for women as well as men, calendar watches, chronometers, chronographs and combinations of these. Above all—it's the movement that counts—be sure your new watch has a quality Swiss jewelled-lever movement.



3. Balance wheel of quality Swiss jewelled lever movement (left) is precision made of special alloy which automatically compensates for temperature changes; timing screws at rim are adjustable to give maximum accuracy. Cheap balance wheel (right), stamped ordinary metal, is impossible to regulate properly.

What every family should know about the perfect gift for Mother



4. Pioneers of the modern Swiss timepiece supplied watches of imperial splendor to the crowned heads of Europe, and set the high standards of craftsmanship now within the reach of *everyone*. Rely on a jeweller in whom you have confidence—he'll show you the best jewelled lever Swiss movements in your price range.



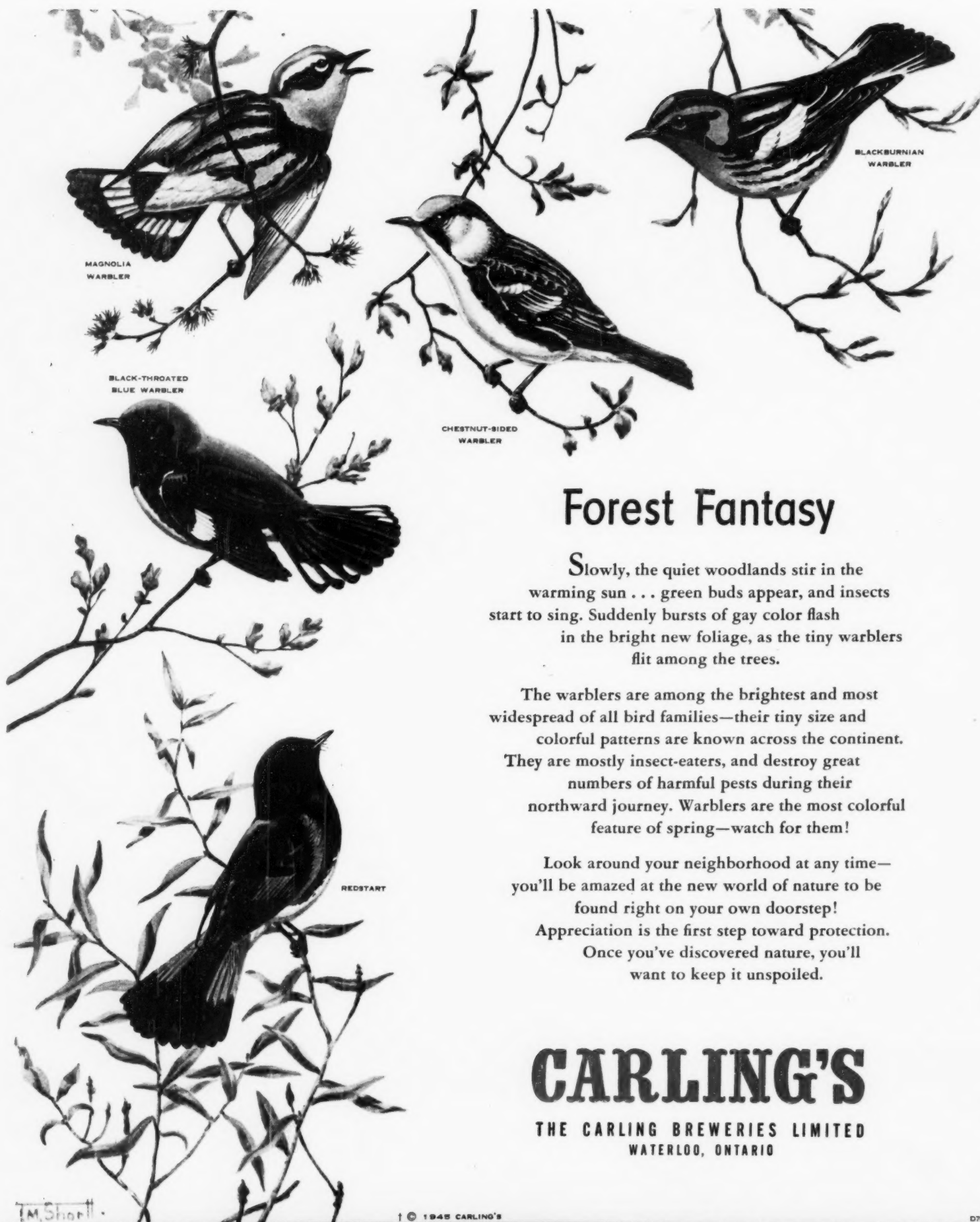
5. Today, thanks to the Official Swiss Watch Repair Parts Programme, you can always have your quality Swiss watch serviced economically and promptly, if it has a jewelled lever movement. Any repair expert can tell you—*never be fooled by so-called watch "bargain"*—you usually get just about what you pay for!

For the gifts you'll give with pride—let your jeweller be your guide

The WATCHMAKERS OF



SWITZERLAND



Forest Fantasy

Slowly, the quiet woodlands stir in the warming sun . . . green buds appear, and insects start to sing. Suddenly bursts of gay color flash in the bright new foliage, as the tiny warblers flit among the trees.

The warblers are among the brightest and most widespread of all bird families—their tiny size and colorful patterns are known across the continent. They are mostly insect-eaters, and destroy great numbers of harmful pests during their northward journey. Warblers are the most colorful feature of spring—watch for them!

Look around your neighborhood at any time—you'll be amazed at the new world of nature to be found right on your own doorstep! Appreciation is the first step toward protection. Once you've discovered nature, you'll want to keep it unspoiled.

CARLING'S

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Nature Unspoiled - YOURS TO ENJOY - YOURS TO PROTECT

